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*Group-Officer CLARE STEVENSON
Director of W.A.A.F.*

LEADEN grey mist hung over a wintry world. Staring through the big window of the warm office, Ann Rivers shrugged her slim shoulders.

"What a night for the Flyers' Club dance!" she cried. "There'll probably be a thick fog before it's over."

From the factory lights blazed, brightening the gloom. Work went on at full blast. Ann, in the office, had finished. But she was Arnold Page's personal secretary, and she did not intend to leave until she had seen him, until she was definitely sure that there was nothing she could do. Over at the Flyers' Club she would dress and dine in comfort later.

The telephone bell pealed. "That you, Miss Rivers? I say, you know the chief's plans. He isn't booked for anything to-night where he could possibly want a 'plane, is he? You can see what conditions are. What I wanted to know was if I could get away. D'you think it's safe? Pete and I want to attend the dance to-night, and—well, you know."

Ann smiled. Pip and Pete were the two pilots of Page's. On a day like this there was a good deal of heel-kicking. Well, she was confident that Arnold Page had no engagement. His diary held nothing but a cross beside the date.

"I should say you'd be as safe as houses to get away," she told Pip. Only a few minutes later Arnold Page himself entered the big, comfortable office. At a glance Ann saw that he looked worried.

"Meant to be back earlier, Miss Rivers," he said, and moved to his desk. There he took up the private phone connected with the hangars. Ann started rather guiltily as she listened to the conversation. He asked for a pilot to be ready. She saw him frown.

"What, you mean to say they're both gone?" he snapped. "How long ago was this? And why?"

Then somewhat angrily the receiver went back. He looked at Ann and was still frowning.

She said: "I'm afraid I've done wrong, Mr. Page. They did phone through a few minutes ago. I knew you'd no engagement, and it's a terrible day for flying. I felt sure they would not be wanted."

"Um!" said Arnold Page. His finger touched his diary. "Look up trains for Chester, will you, Miss Rivers?"

Ann's fingers flew. "Euston—five-twenty, then six-ten. In after nine o'clock!" she said.

"Too late in! Try Paddington route!"

"Four-ten — arrives eight thirty-four! Next is six-ten—"

APPOINTMENT FOR DINNER

By Joan Kennedy

"No good—either of them. I'm in a nice hole. Due to dine with a lady at eight o'clock. It's her birthday. I promised faithfully I'd fly over. She's having flares lit in the home field. A nice thing! The place chinking with planes and I can't use one of 'em. Get through to Aviation Autos."

Ann did so. When her grey eyes looked across at Arnold they held worry. "Positively refuse to send a plane out. Too much fog, they say."

They tried another firm, but the result was a blank. The weather was too bad to risk the journey.

"White-livered lot!" was Arnold's comment. "Now what am I to do? This'll be the first time I've ever let her down." His mouth hardened.

Ann's brain worked swiftly. "There's a dance to-night, over at the Flyers' Club," she said. "If you weren't so down on women pilots, Mr. Page, I feel sure I could get you one. I know Jane Trent is staying there ready for to-night. She's as good as any man."

"No, no!" came from Arnold Page. "Go up with a woman? Not me! Oh, no! I wouldn't do that. Your sex are charming in their right environment, Miss Rivers, but they're no use to me as pilots. A woman loses her head."

Ann did not argue. She said quietly: "I know you've always been against them. Well, let me go over and see if I can fix you up. The place should be swarming with male pilots very soon. There's this dance later on. If you'll give the order to have a Comet ready I'll bully one of them into taking you. Most of the boys know the Comet. It's a favorite model. I'm sure to find a few over there at tea."

Relief came to his face. "If you could wangle something for me, Miss Rivers, I'll pay handsomely anybody who'll get me to Cheshire by seven-thirty. It's worth something to me not to disappoint the best woman in the world."

Ann swallowed a queer lump in her throat. "I'll get you a pilot



In the old-world drawing-room an elegant young thing stood talking to Mrs. Page.

somehow, Mr. Page," she promised. "Don't you worry. Be ready when I ring through."

But, scurrying across to the Country Club, there was a terrific amount of mist in the atmosphere which was not all due to the weather. Ann's heart was thumping. "He must be tremendously fond of her," she said to herself. "Somebody's going to be lucky. For even if he can't get there it's plain he's in love. She'd be a ninny if she let a little thing like his breaking a promise make any difference."

Ann blinked hard before she entered the club-house, which was in a bustle of anticipation. She spent the next ten minutes in using every ounce of persuasion she possessed, but Tony and Bruce and Hot Andy weren't giving up the dance and risking what the night held. Money wasn't everything.

Convinced she could get no pilot, nevertheless, Ann went to the phone. "It's all right, Mr. Page," she said quietly. "Nobody's keen, but I've got you someone—a relation of mine—same name. You'll do it. Can you give a quarter of an hour before you start?"

Arnold Page was prolific in his thanks.

Port and starboard lights glowed on the Comet. The biplane's propeller turned smoothly.

Arnold saw the helmeted figure standing near one of the Comet's wings. "Only a kid," he thought. "But so long as his nerve is all right he'll get me there." The boy had his parachute on, was wrapped in leather and be-goggled very thoroughly. Arnold said to him: "Awfully decent of you, Rivers."

"Glad to be of use to you, sir," came the rather breathless, husky reply. And Arnold told himself that he'd see the kid got something really decent for obliging him.

In the front cockpit he found his own parachute waiting. Then there was a quick fastening of straps, the

roar of the Comet's engine, a perfect take-off.

On roared the Comet. Suddenly Arnold caught his breath in dismay. Fog!

They were flying blind. Arnold Page felt a thump in his back.

"I'm going to get above it!" came a husky shout. The passenger nodded. By the change of the engine's note he guessed they were climbing. The fog was like a close white blanket, eerie, horrible. He hoped his pilot wasn't feeling as nervous as he was. Brave lad!

Suddenly the furriness seemed to slip away. They roared into a different atmosphere.

Half turning Arnold tried to shout his appreciation. He added: "It's my mother's birthday. I've never missed dining with her before. I hope we can do it."

They roared over that silver sea, their shadow racing with them. The engine seemed to sing. Beneath a heavy coat of leather a heart was certainly singing. "His mother's birthday! He's going to dine with his mother! I'll get him there!"

"You've done me fine," Arnold enthused, half an hour later. "Run the little bus into the shed and we'll make for hot baths."

Soon the two leather-clad figures were walking briskly towards a nearby house, each carrying a case. But it was Arnold who did most of the talking. The pilot seemed rather shy. He said in that husky voice: "Hadden't I better find an hotel air?"

Arnold laughed: "My mother'd never forgive me if I let you go, my boy!" he cried. "It's you who've done the trick."

And some few minutes later, when a gentle-faced old lady of seventy heard what had happened, she, too, was emphatic. She directed a servant to show Mr. Rivers to his room right away.

Please turn to page 20



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ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE NAME MORLEY ON UNDERWEAR

WAR thumbs its nose at the unlikelihood of coincidence and specialises in the unpredictable. And so, an hour before dawn of the morning after the British had been cleared out of northern Crete, Barry Sundridge, direct, raw-boned Aussie from the Victorian outback, and Staff-Captain Ronald Purvis, lithe, dapper Englishman, out of Winchester and Cambridge, came face to face in a deserted village, perched a couple of miles or so inland from Heraklion on the western bank of the Xeropotamos.

It was, as a matter of fact, touch and go for a moment in the dim light whether or not the Aussie's bayonet would be through the Englishman's uniform before he recognised it.

Once this occurrence was averted and brief introductions effected, the two men measured each other. Neither was particularly pleased by what he saw.

To Purvis, who had escaped from a Nazi prison camp during the night, and came into the

village in search of food and weapons, Barry was just another of those Aussie privates whose fighting qualities one admired, but whose somewhat insolent independence and lack of formal discipline one deplored. He would have been surprised indeed to have known that in the Australian's level gaze there was not only anger but contempt.

Barry, in fact, was scarcely normal. When, an hour before, he had recovered consciousness, on a hillside to the north, it had been to find his younger brother, Dick, dead beside him. He had sat for a while with an almost unendurable sense of loss upon him.

In those moments and in the moment when, as a last gesture, he had placed a helmet over his brother's face, the conviction, built up by the fighting in Greece and Crete, that the British staff was away behind the times had been transmitted into a savage and personal bitterness—so personal that now,

as he saw the red tabs of the staff officer, he wanted to fire at Purvis. But he didn't. After all, they were in the same mess. He remarked gruffly: "Got a rifle, I see."

The omission of the "sir" by an Aussie didn't trouble Purvis. Without speaking, he gestured towards the square behind him in which a crater and the fragments of a group of Tommies showed where a German bomb had dropped. Barry got the idea.

"Know how to use it?" he asked disagreeably.

Purvis raised his eyebrows a trifle.

"Yes."

"Find any grub?"

Purvis shook his head.

"I've plenty," Barry slung his rifle over his shoulder, made sure that a couple of salvaged Mills bombs were convenient for instant use, and turned up the street. "Let's travel," he flung over his shoulder.

Purvis fell into step beside him. The two men avoided the rubble of a shattered mud-brick house and clambered up the slope of the hill to which the village clung. At the top they paused to get their bearings. High above their heads they could hear the beat of the planes which were shuttling back and forth ceaselessly, to bomb the remnants of the British Army.

By W. G. HARDY

The LONG WAY ROUND

Their conflict was not so much against the foe as between their own natures

Purvis turned to glance to the south. Barry followed his gaze across the plain to the peaks of the central range of Crete, running from the pug-nose profile of Mount Iuktas on their left to the towering summit of Ida over to the south-west. Somewhere on the other side of those peaks was the British Army. And, somehow or other, they had to get across without being killed or captured first.

"Had you planned your route?" Purvis asked.

"No," Barry answered, wishing that waves of dizziness wouldn't keep recurring. "Just south. That's where the Army is, isn't it?"

"True. I suggest, however, that we go west first and then south."

"That's out of our way. Straight south it's not more than thirty miles to the evacuation beaches."

"We won't be in time for the evacuation in any case. According to plan, it will start to-day."

Barry glanced down at the Englishman. "Plan!" he sneered. "Don't tell me you Brits ever had a plan!"

"The main road to the south," Purvis continued unperturbably, "runs through the valley of the Xeropotamos. The country along it is open as far as Daphnes. We'd be a mark for every patrol or plane. After that the land rises. But the passes along it will be guarded. We'd never get through."

"You seem to know the country."

"Yes," Purvis said, not troubling to explain to this colonial that some ten years before this he'd done a sketching tour through Crete. "Since we can't travel that route," he went on, "I suggest we strike due west across that narrow valley to the hills around Tylissos—and get there before the sun rises. Then we can work south and west to the country around Ida. It's pretty well inaccessible. We can hide there."

"And after that?"

Purvis shrugged his shoulders. "Have a try for the southern beaches and a boat, I suppose."

"It'll be tough going," Barry observed thoughtfully.

"True, but the Greeks will help us."

"Why they should is beyond me."

"The point is that they will," Purvis observed dryly.

"Share that among you," shouted Barry, tossing the bomb after the Nazi patrol.

The tone and the manner nettled Barry. Common sense, however, told him that, under the circumstances, the staff officer was right. "Okay," he said with a totally unnecessary fierceness. "Better travel."

Barry tried to hurry, but he had already discovered that, under the stress of movement, his head would, which was a slight concussion, if he had known it, was so troublesome that it took all his determination not to show any weakness before the Englishman, to keep going. He found himself staggering a little.

"Curse the Heinies!" he muttered. "Curse the English! Curse everything!"

And then as they reached the top of the gully, straight ahead among the hills but at some distance from them, there was a sudden violent popping of motor-cycles. Barry stopped. So did Purvis. "That," he said, "will be the Germans in Tylissos."

"Heinie don't lose much time, does he?"

"No," Purvis glanced back at the plain. "South," he said, trying to visualise the terrain between themselves and Mount Ida. "We'll turn south. Keep to the hills. And hurry, my lad."

The two men veered left, crossed a low hill, plunged into a deep ravine and picked up a path which zigzagged up the opposite slope. Half-way up the hill Barry checked so abruptly that Purvis almost bumped into him. The Englishman listened. He didn't hear anything except the distant popping of the motor-cycles. And the Australian ducked to the right, and, bending double, sneaked to a patch of vines on an outcrop of soil above the path.

Purvis followed him. No sooner was he settled than he heard what the Aussie had heard—the scrape of boots on rock. An instant later two Nazi scouts came into view around the sharp turn in the path, one on either side of it, and began to work down towards them.

Please turn to page 4



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PURVIS and Barry crouched close under the vines. The scout on the other side of the path went by. The one on their side paused just above where they were. The Aussie's rifle was ready, and Purvis felt him grow tense. Just then the main body of the Nazis came around the turn in the path. One of them shouted something to the scout. He answered and went past the patch of vines with only a casual glance.

But the main force had still to go by, six men in all, two with tommy-guns, one carrying a light machine-gun, and the other three with rifles. They were, in all probability, Purvis decided, a night patrol returning to their post in the plain. He held his breath as the Germans began to file past almost within arm's length, but some five feet below them.

Not one of them looked up; the last man passed by. Purvis drew a deep breath. They were safe. And then, suddenly, at his side the Australian was on his feet, a Mills bomb in his hand.

"Share that among you," he shouted, and tossed it after the Nazis. Purvis clutched ground and felt the Australian hit the earth beside him. The flat explosion of the bomb crashed out, and before the echo died away Barry was up on one knee, firing. Purvis followed his example, seeing in one split-second view that three of the Nazis were out, and that the Aussie had already shot a fourth. But the other two were stout soldiers, and a machine-gun was already hosing bullets in their direction, while the remaining rifleman was flat on the ground to the side of the path, aiming at them.

As Barry drilled the man with the machine-gun, Purvis sighted on the rifleman and pressed the trigger. Nothing happened. He realised that he had forgotten to thumb back the safety catch. By the time he had corrected his error the Aussie had leaped down into the path and, at point-blank range, had shot the man. Then, wheeling, Barry flung

The Long Way Round

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a few bullets after the two scouts, streaking down the hillside.

Purvis got up. He was a little ashamed of his part in the action. But he was also coldly angry.

"I hope you're satisfied with the mess you've made," he said.

The Australian looked at him. "Our job is to get away, not to fight," Purvis went on, spacing each word carefully. "Now, thanks to this row and those scouts, we'll have every German in the vicinity after us." He paused. "Haven't you any brains, man?" he asked wittingly.

Barry knew that, in a way, the Englishman was right. But he still saw Dick and what the Heinies had done to him. Slinging his rifle on his shoulder, he tilted his helmet to a rakish angle.

"When we Aussies fight, we fight," he told Purvis. "Let's travel."

By mid-afternoon the fugitives, after a half-dozen narrow escapes, had reached the more inaccessible country west of Rhakos. They began to look around for a place to stop. Breasting a steep rise they came on a semi-circular plateau. Behind it the summit of the hill rose in a cliff of bare rock. A path zigzagged around its left shoulder. On the right the cliff ended in a sheer precipice.

Barry's head wound, added to eight days and nights of almost ceaseless fighting, had drawn heavily upon the last of his physical reserves, and he flopped down. "I'm eating," he announced.

Purvis seated himself. Barry passed over a loaf of coarse bread, goat's cheese, and wine, and they ate silently, their thoughts a wall of separation between them.

Barry, the sharp edge of his first hunger gone, felt his eyes fill with tears. He brushed them away with the back of his hand, bit savagely into the coarse bread, and turned his head to stare at the Englishman. The very air of impeccability which, in spite of their rough journey, still clung to the staff officer angered him. At that moment Purvis, having finished his meal, observed idly, "How's that head of yours?"

"Okay." "Was it a very tough show?" "Tough?" sneered Barry. "Sure it was tough. What do you chaps on the staff know about it?"

Purvis stood up abruptly. "Look here, my man. Better get one thing clear."

"What?" "I'm not insisting on my rank," Purvis said. "Under the circumstances that would be absurd. But you must keep a civil tongue in your head."

"Must I?" "Yes. We have a job to do—to get to the south and find a boat. That will take some doing. Well, either we agree to co-operate in a civil fashion, or we're better apart."

Barry realised Purvis was speaking sense. But his temper was up. He opened his mouth to retort and a bullet splashed into the trunk of a cypress beside him. Both men dug for the ground. A volley cut the space where they had stood. Behind them, a small Greek boy who had been watching with intense interest these alien characters who spoke in an unknown tongue, dived to cover in a laurel bush.

Down below in the ravine the Nazi patrol which had come up the path unnoticed, and, seeing the men stand up, had fired on them, began to swing into disciplined action. Barry cursed and dragged his rifle forward. Purvis clutched his arm.

"No. Back and up the path." As soon as the rim of the plateau screened them from view, both men ran through the trees to the track which led upward around the left shoulder of the cliff. Then they checked. Some distance up that path another section of Germans was working downward.

Both men realised this at the same instant. They looked at each other. Barry gave a short laugh. "Us arguing about getting to the south!"

Purvis shrugged his shoulders. Walking over to a rock he sat down, pulled out his pipe and began to fill it. Barry stared at him. "Going to surrender?"

"What else is there to do?" Barry pressed his lips together. Slipping a couple more rounds into his rifle he took a step towards the rim of the plateau. The Englishman paused in the act of lighting a match.

"Precisely what do you intend to do?" he asked.

"No Heinies going to march me in like a tame steer. I'm an Aussie, not an Englishman."

Purvis let the match go out. "Be reasonable, man."

Barry said a couple of short, succinct words, and turned towards the rim of the plateau again. Purvis got up with a sigh.

"More likely spot back there against the cliff," he remarked, putting his pipe away.

Barry stopped to look at him.

"Two parties of the enemy," Purvis explained, unslinging his rifle. "Can't let ourselves be surrounded, you know."

Barry gaped. The Englishman walked through the trees towards the precipitous face of the cliff. Barry followed, admitting to himself reluctantly that at least the fellow was game. The Greek boy, who had been trailing behind them, slipped out in front of Purvis.

"Angli?" he asked.

Barry, whose rifle had swung automatically to cover the lad, stared at him. Purvis answered coolly, "Malista."

The youngster—he was no more than ten—grinned all over his face and pointed to the cliff, speaking rapidly. Purvis asked a sharp question. The boy nodded and ran to a spot near the base of the stony wall where the ground was lower and parted the bushes. A narrow opening, low down, was revealed. The boy dived in. Purvis followed.

BARRY heard the Germans raise a shout. The opening was a tight fit. But he made it just as the Germans came charging over the rim of the plateau. The bushes whipped to behind him. Barry squeezed forward, realising that this was the shallow and dried-up bed of a watercourse.

Some fifteen minutes later they were on the other side of the cliff. To their left the hill soared upward. On their right the precipice plunged down. They stood on a dizzying path between the two, Barry collecting his faculties and Purvis chatting with the boy. The lad was eager, enthusiastic, nodding his head occasionally and pointing as he answered the Englishman's questions. Purvis chuckled once, then laughed outright.

"Constantinos is the name, Sundridge," he said. "Constantinos Tozios."

"Tell Constantinos I'm grateful," Purvis turned to the lad and spoke. The boy smiled shyly at the tall Australian. Barry smiled back.

"Constantinos is going to guide us through the mountains," Purvis observed, conversationally.

Barry understood that the Englishman was, in his own way, letting him know that, so far as he was concerned, the quarrel on the plateau was over and done with. The Aussie would have preferred to have been more direct about it. But he was quite willing to let it go for the moment.

Purvis' face became grave. "He was visiting his aunt at Daphnes when the paratroops dropped," he went on. "The villagers fought them—sickles, flails, anything. What was left of them fled to the hills. Yesterday a bomb dropped on the group Constantinos was with. He decided to go home. His home, as it happens, is at Stavrilos. We can go along with him—Stavrilos is a village in the hills near the plain of Messara."

Two weeks later, by the time they had reached the beaches, the evacuation was over and no boats were to be had. So they had returned to join Constantinos' brother, Georgios, and his band, who were continuing the fight from the mountains. Now, on this bright June morning, they were with Georgios, leading half a hundred Cretan irregulars down one of the steep southern slopes of Mount Ida. Their objective was the village of Stavrilos.

Towards it, so they had been informed a half-hour before by a Greek peasant come up from the plain to find them, a German force intended to march that morning. The band was racing down to try to intercept that force before it reached the village.

They all knew that in the first days of the blitz against Crete four paratroopers had been killed by the

villagers. In spite of the tales of savage German reprisals, Barry couldn't quite visualise any executions for that act. The villagers had, after all, been defending their homes.

They had reached the foot of the steep ridge, on the opposite side of which was Stavrilos. Suddenly there was a sharp burst of firing from the other side of the ridge. They all checked momentarily, staring at one another with hot, startled eyes, and then, as the firing ceased as abruptly as it had begun, they all scrambled forward desperately.

Even so, it was a good twenty minutes before they reached the top of the ridge and came over it cautiously. Directly below them was Stavrilos. To their left a steep track zigzagged between huge rocks down sharply to the floor of the valley. Barry's eyes took this in swiftly. They also took in a force of Germans, a few hundred yards away, marching down the steep track from the village to the floor of the valley.

The whole guerrilla band moved down cautiously, spreading out and slipping from tree to tree. And then, the wailing of women came up to them and, on the right, a Greek shouted something and the Cretans broke down rapidly through the cypresses, Georgios in the lead. Barry and Purvis followed. They found their men mingled with the women in a frantic milling crowd in the square in front of the inn. The two men pushed their way through.

They came upon the sight suddenly. The Greeks had fallen silent, watching it. There, in front of the inn, was a tumbled heap of bodies, cut through with machine-gun bullets, some of them dead, others dying.

In their midst, Barry saw, with a cold clutch at his heart, the lifeless body of little Constantinos. He turned to Purvis.

"What's happened?" he demanded. "Reprisal," the Englishman said in a cold, controlled voice.

Barry glanced around blindly. "Well, what are we waiting for?" he demanded. He turned to the Cretans. "Come on!" he shouted with a sweep of his arm.

The Cretans understood his gesture and were ready. Georgios moved from the dead body of his father, his dark-browed face a mask of savage fury.

"Stop!" Purvis commanded.

Please turn to page 20

Only Good Health Gives Vivacity

AND EVERY WOMAN
WANTS TO BE ADMIRABLE

The body in health is a marvellous piece of mechanism; but people who eat too much, neglect exercise, and disregard pasty skin, dull eyes, inner stagnation, and aches and pains soon become "back numbers." The science of happiness is in regulating and well-caring for every organ, tissue, and fibre of the body. The trusted way is to "internally bathe" yourself with R.U.R., which contains a most reliable laxative, liver stimulant, kidney cleanser, blood purifier, and acid corrector. Many ailments are removed and avoided by R.U.R. Take R.U.R. and Right You Are! 4/- and 7/6 everywhere.



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LADY IN HAZARD

By Carolyn Ogden

SHELLA HEYDON arrives from Melbourne at Red Shutters guest house to meet her sister, MARGARET, who was to motor there from Sydney, but finds to her concern that Margaret has not turned up. Her anxiety is increased by news of the escape in the district of the dangerous German internee, OTTO VON GRAUPNER, in whose office Margaret had worked before the war.

MR. FIELDING, genial proprietor of Red Shutters, and MRS. SHASTERS, scatter-brained housekeeper, do their best to allay Shella's anxieties, and she tries to settle down and manifest polite interest in her fellow-guests. Among these are KEN CUNNINGHAM, an aloof and cynical young man; MR. DASKY, over-friendly and boresome; Mlle. MOREAU, a French refugee; and MR. FALWAY, with his beautiful niece, LORIE, who has just quarrelled with SQUADRON-LEADER GERALD DESMOND.

Despite her worries, Shella manages to sleep soundly through her first night at the guest house.

Now read on—

BREAKFAST, sometimes a dour meal, was a pleasant function this morning. Probably because of the small number of guests, Red Shutters was as informal as a gathering of friends at a country house.

Cunningham was already sitting at the table, with a book propped open, when Shella came in. He wore a high-necked blue guernsey under his old tweed coat, but his hair was rather neater than the night before, and his face so closely shaven that the skin shone.

"The day looks fine. What do you propose doing with yourself?" he asked.

"I haven't thought yet. It depends."

"Oh yes. Of course. I suppose by lunch-time there'll be three beautiful girls instead of two."

"You needn't think out compliments on an empty stomach," she told him. "We don't expect it."

"It wasn't as hard as all that," he protested.

"I saw it coming. As I crossed the room, you looked up from your book and sighed and thought to yourself: 'Oh, goodness, here's the first one. What'll I say? It's a woman; keep it happy; pay it a compliment.'"

"I must have behaved badly last night."

"Well, this is a home from home; Mr. Fielding says so. You keep right on being natural." There was no rancor in her voice, not a trace of the resentment Lorie had shot at him last night. She might have been genuinely concerned for his comfort. He dropped his book on the floor.

"Your room's next to mine, isn't it? Did you notice the smell of incense last night? As though a chemist's shop had caught fire and they were pouring water on the hot ashes?"

"That was probably Mlle. Moreau." "Good heavens! Is she as—er—aromatic as all that?"

"She inhales. Hay fever, you know."

"I'd prefer hay fever," said Cunningham. "I'm glad she's not at this table. I dislike the smell of drugs. I don't care for the French, and she bores me."

"She's a de Gaulle."

"Is she?" said Cunningham, dryly. "You heard her."

"Methinks the lady doth protest too much." I always wonder about people who parade their loyalties."

Shella did not reply. Why couldn't he go on reading? She felt too peaceful this morning for captious comment.

She was relieved when the Falways arrived, threading their way between the empty tables, and pausing to greet Mlle. Moreau, who was

attacking her breakfast with a gusto which indicated that, however it might rend her soul, hay fever had not affected her appetite.

Falway looked tired. There were heavy rings about his eyes, and his gravely pleasant face was rather drawn. He smiled a greeting, and slipped into his chair.

"Sleep well?" he replied to the inevitable query. "To be truthful, I didn't. I seem to have a bad night one in three. I used to lie and worry about things in general, but I've learnt to control that."

"It wouldn't be easy, I imagine," put in Cunningham.

"You younger people wouldn't think so. But as one grows older one grows more philosophical—or should. The world is certainly in a terrible state, but viewed as a small piece of history it is little more important than the explosion of a child's cracker."

"Rather inconvenient, though," remarked Cunningham, "if you happen to be holding the cracker when it explodes."

"Oh, quite."

Falway turned, as if for relief from the younger man's dry smile, to Shella. "Worries all dried up in the morning sun, I hope, Miss Heydon?"

"About my sister? Oh, yes. After breakfast I'll try to raise her flat in Sydney. I'm sure she won't be there, but I'll try. Of course, if she doesn't turn up by to-morrow morning I'll ring through to all the hospitals in Sydney and along the route."

"I don't think that will be necessary," broke in Falway.

"Neither do I, but—"

Lorie, who had been wrapped in early morning remoteness, showed her first real sign of interest.

"I wonder . . . if Mrs. Shasters can shake up that wretched Benton post office."

"Do you want to ring someone?" asked her uncle, rather abruptly.

"No one in particular."

"Can't it wait until to-morrow? You can't ask too many favors from the postmistress. She won't want to spend Sunday putting through unnecessary calls."

"One more is neither here nor there," said Lorie with a quiet obstinacy, which brought a frown to her uncle's face.

The strain in her voice was unmistakable, and Cunningham caught in her haughty young face a look of helpless anxiety.

Her moods had swung over, apparently, and she was as keen to see Gerald again as she had been to dismiss him. She was foolish if she thought she could play hot and cold like that. The most forthright young man, he would not stand it for a moment.

"Don't forget to tell me when Mrs. Shasters calls you," she asked Shella, in a low voice.

Her friendliness to the newcomer intrigued Cunningham. Girls of her type were seldom as cordial as this to strangers. Evidently Lorie was

not as aloof as he had imagined. Certainly, Shella had not tried to ingratiate herself by concealing the difference in their circumstances. Perhaps it was her very simplicity which attracted the more sophisticated girl.

Falway's frown did not lift. He was obviously of the old school, and probably felt that when quarrels occurred the first advances should be made by the young man.

Queer how quickly you dropped into other people's dramas, thought Cunningham, however little you sought them.

Shella gazed through the long windows into the sunlit garden. She would have been quite happy, really, to have dropped out of the conversation altogether and enjoyed, unnoticed, the mellow peace of this old house.

The more she saw of it the more she liked it, and the contrast to the incessant tumult of the munitions

factory and the lonely frugality of her tiny flat was wonderful.

Comforts for her brother in Germany used up a certain amount of her spending money, and the only rooms she could afford were small and rather dark. They suited her better than the rush and scramble of a boarding-house, but they were not exactly home-like.

She had been rather worried when Margaret chose Red Shutters, as being beyond her means. Now she was glad. In spite of some of its slapdash methods it suited her well. Apart from its charm and serenity, it offered, as far as her table companions were concerned, a brief escape from the war. On Falway and his niece it seemed to have made little impact, except for cutting down the entertaining they both did in the city, while Cunningham did not mention it at all.

It was like travelling across a desert, in a sandstorm, and coming suddenly on a green oasis with still,

Thrilling Australian Serial

cold water, and drooping palms. To-morrow one must go back to the heat and glare of world events, but for to-day . . .

"Golf? I know nothing about it," Cunningham was saying. "No, I haven't any hobbies, either. Never did have, even as a kid. They don't encourage fretwork in an orphanage."

"I hope you're not one of those lady architects," said Mr. Fielding.

Shella was amused. "What made you think that?" She had come upon him in the sunny kitchen garden on the east side of the house, studiously examining a bed of onions, and puffing a pipe which between the teeth of a lesser man would have seemed fantastically outsize. A benign smile wreathed his round face.

"You can't tell with young ladies nowadays. We've had all sorts here; you wouldn't believe. Lady doctors and dentists and chemists; little slips of girls some of them were, too, and a lady dietitian a couple of months ago. She told me how to get rid of this . . ." he patted his curving waistcoat as one might a favorite dog—"but I couldn't see my way clear to starve on account of it."

"That lady architect, she wanted to do a bit of rebuilding, too. I saw you having a look round, and thought you might have the same idea."

"No, I'm in munitions."

Fielding was impressed. He declared that Shella was more useful than a dozen lady architects, and that if anyone deserved a holiday she did.

"Not like some of the people who come here," he declared. "One time, of course, what people did was their own business, but you expect people to pull their weight at a time like this."

That Miss Falway, for instance . . . perhaps I shouldn't perhaps I shouldn't perhaps I shouldn't

talk about my guest, but, honestly, you'd think a girl like that might find something more useful to do than idle her time away at holiday houses. And her uncle—of course he had a bad breakdown one time, and retired, but I don't see why he can't get back to something at a time like this."

"He's neither a young man nor a strong one," Shella pointed out with some irritation, annoyed at being drawn into such a conversation. "What did the lady architect want you to do to the house?"

"Oh, that!" He waved a hand. "She said it was just a jumble, and not a proper building at all. Of course, it's been added to a lot here and there, and altered and so on. We haven't been here long, but we've done a bit ourselves. That's the original place."

He pointed to an old farmhouse standing apart from the main building, but joined to it by a covered way. "You mightn't believe it, but that house is over 100 years old."

The story of Red Shutters was not unusual. The land had originally been taken up by that early monarch of wool, Captain Gavin Holmson, a little over a hundred years before. Captain Holmson, like many of his generation, had feudal ideas. His first homestead was the farmhouse occupied now by the Fieldings and the Shasters. But this dwelling, comfortable though it may have been, was not suited to the ambition of a rising flockmaster and his growing family.

Late in life, the veteran of the Peninsula, possibly acquiring delusions of grandeur, began the main building, conceiving it after the style of a castle he had seen on the high plains of Valencia, but the price of wool dwindled long before the structure was finished, and the captain, now aged and broken, died a pensioner.

After that the half-finished building became the prey of vicissitude. It had been the temporary homestead of a series of squatters, who had added to the building, subtracted from it, and altered it, and eventually, some time ago, it had been leased to the Fieldings.

"If I'd known how things would go," said Fielding, shaking his head, "I'd as soon have signed my death warrant as that lease. But there you are, it's no use worrying. If I can just scratch along till the end of the war I shan't grumble. Well, Joe, what do you want?"

A bent figure came round the corner of the building and shuffled down the path towards them, an old man in heavy boots, stained dungaree trousers caught in at the knees with bow-ways, and a roughly patched coat so much too large for him that it might easily have been one of Fielding's.

Please turn to page 14



"Nice work, boys!" cried the girl cheerily.

COCOA *and the* WAR

(AN ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE MAKERS OF BOURNVILLE COCOA)



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Hospital Bride

By...
MARGARET BAYLISS

ALISON read the letter from Gerald Monson once again, though she knew the words by heart.

"Dear Miss Kennon,—
"I am enclosing the letter your brother Don asked me to send you if anything happened to him. I hope it will comfort you to know how bravely he died. Water was flowing in at a gaping hole on our port side. We had to abandon ship. I'd got a knock on the head, and Don carried me to a boat. He saw me safely lowered, then went back for another chap, when the ship listed and made her last plunge.

"Don was one of the bravest of the brave. If he hadn't thought of me and the other chap he might have been here to-day.

"He asked me to look after you. I hope you will allow me to do so. I'm in the hospital at the moment. The crack in my head has caused a bit of bother.

"When I come out I'll call to see you, if I may.—Sincerely, GERALD MONSON."

Alison picked up the group photograph where Don sat beside his friend, Gerald Monson was as tall as Don, but his face was more sober and thoughtful. It was a pleasant face, she decided. One could trust Gerald Monson.

She looked forward to meeting him, to hearing what he would tell her about Don. She hoped he would soon be out of hospital and ready to call on her. Then she looked at Don's photograph and tears filled her eyes. She buried her head in a cushion and cried as she had not done since the tragic telegram about Don's death had come a week before.

She was aroused by a knock at the door.

"Telegram for you, Miss Kennon."

Alison jumped up. The caretaker of the flats handed in the thin sealed envelope.

Another message of sympathy, Alison supposed.

She tore the envelope and took out the slip of paper.

"Lieutenant Gerald Monson seriously ill. Wishes to see you—ANN PAGET, Ward Sister."

Alison stared with reddened eyes. Don's mate was worse. Was he going to die, too? And he wanted to see her. She must go at once. The address was on his letter.

Alison felt very forlorn and frightened when she came to the ward and the sister took her to Gerald Monson. She was aware of dark blue eyes in a pale face beneath a bandaged head. A lean hand was outstretched in welcome.

"Thank you for coming." The pale lips moved and a faint smile hovered for a second and was gone.

Alison found her voice. "I was glad to come. Don would have wished it. How—how do you feel?"

"Won't you sit down?"

Alison drew the white chair alongside the bed. "Don't talk if it tires you."

"I want to talk. Don asked me to look after you. There's only one way I can do that, Alison, will you marry me?"

The blood drained from the girl's face. She wondered dully whether she looked as white as Gerald did.

"Don't misunderstand me," the man said. "You see, I promised Don, I would have done what I could for you, but this wound in my head, I don't think I'm going to get better. That's why I sent for you. I want you to marry me so that you'll be provided for when Don and I are both gone. There's a property up north—I left it to join the Naval Reserve. It's a nice old homestead, and my manager's a fine chap—a Digger of the last

war. He and his wife would look after you."

Alison touched the white hand on the quilt. "I hope you'll get better. Maybe the wound isn't as bad as you think."

Again that slow smile came. "I wouldn't tie you if I thought I was going to get better. You may ask the doctor, if you like. I think he'll tell you I'm not going to get better. And I don't want to leave things until it's too late. There will be formalities." He sighed wearily.

"Please don't tire yourself," Alison said gently. "Don't worry about me. I'll be all right."

"I promised Don," he said with an effort. "You must let me keep my promise."

"Do—do you think Don would have wished it?"

"Yes." The eyelids drooped heavily. "Please."

"All right. I'll do it."

"Good girl." A faint smile lit the tired eyes.

"I—I suppose you'll want some details."

"Post them to me. I'll get the padre to fix things up. I—I know your birthday, your age. Don told me."

Quietly, the sister approached the bed. "I think you've done enough talking now, don't you? Perhaps Miss Kennon will come another day."

As Alison entered the ward next day, she felt that Don was with her, approving her decision. A screen was around Gerald's bed, and for a moment she feared that he was too ill to proceed with the ceremony.

But the sister reassured her. "We set it there for privacy," she said. Gerald greeted Alison with a welcoming smile. On the bed before him was a bouquet of pink roses. "For the bride," he said, and held them out to her.

Alison's eyes filled with tears of emotion. "How kind you are!" Steps sounded in the corridor. To

the bedside came the ward doctor and the chaplain. With the doctor and sister for witnesses, the ceremony began.

"Dearly beloved," the voice of the clergyman droned, "we are gathered together here."

It could not be she, Alison Kennon, who was being married here in this hospital ward, to a man who was almost a stranger. Yet he did not seem a stranger, for he was Don's friend, and those eyes that looked so gently up to hers were those of the man who had promised Don to look after her.

The clergyman addressed Gerald, and the young man's voice came clearly, though faintly: "I will."

THE ceremony went on. From the pocket of his pyjama coat Gerald produced a wedding ring. His eyes met Alison's as he repeated after the clergyman: "With this ring I thee wed."

Soon it was over. "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

The eyes of the witnesses were upon Alison. Of course, she reminded herself, this was where the bridegroom kissed the bride. Her cheeks flamed. She glanced at Gerald. The doctor and sister must not know that this was no ordinary wedding.

Gerald was looking at her with a quizzical light in his eyes. Alison stooped and held her lips to his.

Then the doctor, his fingers on Gerald's pulse, looked at the bride. "I think your husband has had enough excitement, Mrs. Monson. We'll let him rest now. You may see him to-morrow."

"Very well, doctor." She looked down at the man who was now her husband. "Good-bye, Gerald." It was the first time she had used his Christian name.

"Good-bye, Alison. Come early."

She was at the hospital ten minutes before the hour of admission the following afternoon. Gerald had asked her to be early, and she must do as he wished. His

eyes were searching the doorway as she entered the ward. She felt her heart pounding as she crossed to the bedside.

"It's good of you to come early," Gerald said gratefully.

"I—I wanted to come. How are you to-day? I—I hope the excitement of yesterday wasn't too much for you."

"No. I've survived it. I'm glad it's fixed up. I had my lawyer in later and got my will signed, so everything will be all right for you when I'm gone."

"Oh, please don't talk about it," Alison pleaded. "It sounds so dreadful."

"Let me talk of my plans. I've been thinking it all out. I'd like you to go up to the station after I'm gone. You might like it so well that you'll want to stay. It's a fine old place. I believe you could be happy there."

"You're wonderfully good to me. I—I don't know how to thank you. I've done nothing to deserve it. You didn't even know me."

"You're Don's little sister. And you're not exactly a stranger to me, you know. Don talked a lot about you—showed me your photograph, read me bits of your letters."

Alison blinked away her tears. "Is there anything I can do for you?" she said.

"Just come to see me."

"It's good of you to come early," Gerald said gratefully to Alison.

Each afternoon Alison visited him, and she got to know about his life before the war. His property became a real place as she listened to his stories of battles with the elements; of his good seasons and bad.

It was a wet afternoon, a fortnight after her marriage, that Alison was met at the ward door by Sister Paget. The sister's eyes were kindly. "Lieutenant Monson was operated on this morning," she said. "The operation, so far, is very successful. A small bone splinter was found to be pressing on the brain. It has been removed, and the surgeon thinks he has an excellent chance of recovery."

"Why! How wonderful!" Alison said, her face suddenly pink with excitement. "May I see him?"

"Only for a moment. He must be kept very quiet."

Alison followed the sister to the small one-bed room where Gerald lay.

"How are you?" she said.

He tried to smile. "A bit tired."

She stooped, and, with the sister's gaze upon her, pressed her mouth to the pale, bloodless lips. His head moved slightly away from her, and for a fleeting second he closed his eyes. Alison's heart contracted. He had not wanted her to kiss him, would have avoided her lips had he not been so helpless.

"Time's up, Mrs. Monson," said the sister. "You may come to-morrow."

Please turn to page 14

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The P.M.'s Shangri-La... where he is just 'Dad'



MRS. JOHN CURTIN, wife of the Prime Minister, leaning over the gate of their bungalow home in Cottesloe, Western Australia.

Mrs. Curtin has made true haven of their modest bungalow home

By ALICE JACKSON

Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, who is on a tour of Western Australia

The telephone-book gave the address as: "Curtin, J. 24 Jarrad." Twenty minutes by trolley-bus from Perth to Cottesloe and a short walk brought us there.

A pleasant brick bungalow, set cornerwise on one of the quarter-acre allotments usual in this spacious-minded suburb, it is a house any man of modest income could own.

"IT'S twenty years since we built it," Mrs. Curtin tells me as we settle down in the lounge-room for a chat.

"It was one of the first of nine houses to be built in this street, and we've watched the neighborhood grow. The sea is just over the brow of the rise. We all used to surf from the beach. Dad, Elsie, young John, and I."

Elsie, married now, is at present on a visit to her mother.

Young John is in the Air Force, and Dad, of course, on the job as Prime Minister, has now all the special worries of a pending election.

It's not hard to understand why he so dearly loves to drop the burden of office and get back to this haven where he is just plain "Dad."

The telephone rings. Mr. Curtin calling Mrs. Curtin from Canberra. I take advantage of her absence to have a closer look at the lounge.

A very long room, plainly carpeted in green—a room with the addition of an enclosed verandah, really.

The walls of one end are lined with bookshelves which reveal a catholic taste in reading. Poetry, politics, literature, history, classics, modern volumes on world affairs, "These Eagles," "Rats of Tobruk," a goodly pile of leading American magazines.

The large windows, with their prettily draped curtains of white muslin, give plenty of light for a reader in the comfy deep chair. Clearly, this is the domain of "Dad."

In the other room-sized portion a piano with a pile of music gives the clue to one of Mrs. Curtin's main interests, but my survey is interrupted by her return.

Out of courtesy to us she has had her Canberra call postponed.

I ask about the music. Yes, she is very fond of it, goes often to

symphony concerts, but is rather apprehensive lest I overestimate her gifts.

She admits reluctantly to her contralto voice, to having sung in choruses of sacred music, and to having been organist in a church in Tasmania. Beyond that she won't go.

Love of music is in all her family. Her brother, Mr. Leslie Needham, is a notable organist in Albany, and has frequently broadcast recitals over the National stations.

"John is musical, too, though, like most boys, he couldn't be induced to keep on practising," his mother says. "And Mr. Curtin?" I ask. "Is he musical?"

His wife's eyes twinkle with the delicious humor which is so attractive a part of her vital personality.

"No," she laughs. "He wouldn't admit it, but, really and truly, I've often heard him start off with 'Annie Laurie,' and turn her into 'Ole Black Joe.'"

Many paintings of scenes and beautiful studies in still life, in oils and waters, adorn the cream-washed walls of the room, and when I ask about these Mrs. Curtin does not check her pride. They were done by her father, a man of many natural talents.

It is easy to see that the bond between him and his daughter was very strong, and that his tastes and interests played a big part in moulding her early life.

Her face lights up as she talks about him, and the expressive gestures of her pretty hands chime in with her warm voice.

"My father was a self-taught artist," she tells me. "He had many other hobbies, including cabinet-making. He made the frames for those pictures himself. He was a



MRS. CURTIN AT HOME. The picture on the wall is the study in color of the Prime Minister taken and published by The Australian Women's Weekly last year. The small ironstone figure is an amusing caricature of Mr. Curtin's political rival, Billy Hughes.

Journalist, too. Here is a volume of his verses."

This volume, "The Radicals and Other Verses," is dedicated to the "bottom dogs" of society, and then I learn that Mrs. Curtin and her family have always been actively interested in the Labor movement.

"We went from Victoria to South Africa when I was eight, and father was editor of the 'Cape Socialist' there for three years. I joined the Socialist Party of Capetown before I was seventeen. We went to Tasmania shortly after that."

Romance

SO, when a young man named John Curtin went to Tasmania on union business they met.

Doubtless, whatever her political opinions, the end of the story would have been the same.

Elsie Needham, with her dancing brown eyes, abundant black hair framing her charming, vivacious face, didn't need any "political pull" to capture the heart of young John Curtin.

Twenty-six years ago she went to W.A. to be married. In all those years she has remained actively interested in the Labor movement.

She is now a senior vice-president of the Labor Women's Central Executive, and a senior vice-president of the Fremantle Women's Branch.

But the heart of her life has always been centred on her husband and home—"Dad," young John, Elsie.

Everything in the place speaks eloquently of the idea of happy family life—photos, a Mother's Day gift of a colorful mat from young John; all the things the mother of a united family keeps close to her heart.

Domestic help?

"No, I've never had any," she says simply. "This house isn't very large—four bedrooms and the lounge and dining-room. I've always done all the work, and it's never worried me. Oh, yes, the laundry, too, of course."

She is rather sorry the garden looks a little neglected now there is no chance of getting the lawn mowed. But it's still a grand garden.

Geraldton Wax plant and other shrubs are in brave bloom, the buffalo-grass lawn is trim. Crotons make a colorful show by the doorstep, lavender and rosemary add their fragrant charm.

In the backyard a long grape trellis is a lovely sight with its leaves yellowing in the late autumn sunshine. And so is the lemon tree with its pale gold wealth of fruit and glossy green leaves. There is a fig tree, too—in short, a garden that casts the true lotus spell.

From the garden enters the real master of the house—Kip, a black kelpie, who knows his own mind.

Mrs. Curtin tells Kip confidentially that he's a nuisance, but Kip doesn't take her seriously. Has he not been her sole guardian for as long as

two months at a time? Kip knows he has a right to his special chair in the huge room.

Does Kip obey his mistress? More or less, she says.

Does Kip obey the Prime Minister? Not at all.

Once upon a time the Prime Minister cherished hopes of getting Kip to relinquish his claim on the lounge chair. There was somewhat of an "incident" between them.

Kip, as Opposition Leader, at least retained his dignity throughout the lively proceedings. As a result of the division, the Prime Minister was overwhelmingly defeated, and Kip retained his seat.

Next to the lounge-room, the most interesting part of the house is the hall, where the photographs on the walls tell their own story.

One, of a group of journalists, is a memento of Mr. Curtin's presidency of the Australian Journalists' Association from 1921 to 1927; another is a presentation from "Worker" staff when he was editor of that paper (1917-1928).

A third was taken at Geneva in 1924, when he was a delegate to the International Conference of the League of Nations. They link up with two smaller colored photographs on the desk in the lounge—the Lodge at Canberra and Parliament House, Canberra.

Pictorial highlights of twenty-six years of a remarkable political career, they all melt into the background of an unpretentious suburban home, which the warm human personality of a woman has converted into a Shangri-La with no hint of politics in its harmonious atmosphere.

So this is the house of "Curtin, J. 24 Jarrad." I leave it feeling that in it Mrs. Curtin has captured the true spirit of home.

In my mind she takes her place with all those blessed among women who can create the "house not built with hands," which has no market-place price and which no man is rich enough to buy.



FAMILY. Mr. and Mrs. Curtin's children, John (who is in the R.A.A.F.) and Elsie.

Editorial

JULY 31, 1943

BE GOOD NEIGHBORS

SOLDIERS are happy in their work only if they know their families are happy and comfortable at home.

Officers of units in far-away operational areas are so convinced of this that they asked The Australian Women's Weekly to draw attention to another job women can do on the home front.

They ask that all the women who are doing such excellent work for soldiers should also be good neighbors to the soldier's wife or mother.

It's a marvellous morale builder if a man knows someone is standing by to give his wife a friendly hand with the children or to cheer her up when she's blue or lonely.

It means a lot to know that a neighbor will pop in occasionally to see how his aged mother is faring.

"We know that the greatest mental torment a man can experience is to know his wife or child is sick and is not being well cared for," one officer said.

This is a good reason, too, for letter-writers to be careful what they say. Letters from home are precious to the soldier. He reads and re-reads them.

If they contain a mild grumble about some trifle that has gone wrong the re-reading often magnifies the complaint into serious trouble.

So correspondents, especially wives, are asked to "crack hardy" when they write and present as far as possible a picture of a happy, smooth-running home waiting for the soldier's homecoming.

—THE EDITOR.

Wedding in New Guinea



SISTER CLARE McMAHON, of Bourke, N.S.W., who is now at an Army hospital somewhere in Australia.

While rations were being unloaded at the cookhouse, New Guinea's third Services wedding was solemnised in the little church, St. John's.

Cpl. G. P. Frewin describes the wedding in a letter to his sister, Miss Yvonne Frewin, Cammeray, N.S.W.

"It was ten o'clock on a cloudless blue morning, cloudless because of the fierce trade winds blowing over the tropics, as our ration utility came to a standstill outside the cookhouse," he writes.

"You could see at a glance that it was nothing but a cookhouse, with its row of smoking cookers, the heaped-up pile of miscellaneous cooking utensils, and, in the midst of it all, Charlie, the cook.

"Just another New Guinea day, and I was tired, hungry, and dusty when I caught the words from above the activity, 'There's a wedding on.'

"It did not seem right to me. I mean a wedding, here, in the clean-up hours of the morning. I thought as I stepped through a mass of tent ropes.

"There was smoke and dust hovering over the little white fibre structure of St. John's, yet very clearly to me came the words of the bishop, 'Sobriety,' 'Cherish,' 'Obey.'

"I climbed the steps and peered through the doorway, and across the half-empty seats of the church caught sight of an Australian nursing-sister, in grey, beside an Australian sergeant-major, in khaki, before the Bishop of New Guinea, in black.

"It seemed so unreal, for as the deal for life was being completed, and the ring was encircling the finger, the garbage cart went past full of pig-tins and covered with yelling Boongs.

"Thus the third Services marriage ceremony in this little white church was performed.

"The beaming couple disappeared into the vestry to sign the register.

"A small nurse suddenly rose from



DRESSED UP for the occasion when their new mess hut was completed somewhere in New Guinea. Left to right: L.A.C. Howes, Sgt. Jamison, Cpl. Rodford, Sgt. Cole, Sgt. Warhurst, L.A.C. Taylor, L.A.C. Thomas, Sgt. Duncan, Sgt. Lyons, and Sgt. Hudson.



PTE. STUDWICK, of S.A., smiles cheerfully from his hospital bed in the north. The Red Cross supplied the magazine and fruit as part of its regular service to sick and wounded men.

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

Four letters you receive from your I mentals in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For brief extracts 5/- is paid.

the front row, and, standing by a shattered window, sweetly rendered 'I Walk Beside You,' to the accompaniment of St. John's wheezy organ.

"Then came 'Here Comes the Bride,' the pope on the steps, and the couple were pelted with rice provided by a kindly cook.

"I was glad I witnessed the show, for out in the sun, amongst the happy congratulating group, I could see even here in New Guinea were two people determined to marry, despite the arduous nature of tropical service, and without glamor, bridesmaids, bridal frocks, and receptions.

"It is all over, and they both disappear in a cloud of dust down the hill—in a leap.

"And now everything is as before, the seats of the church are empty, trucks roll on, and I wander back to the cookhouse to see that Wagga Mary is getting the morning tea ready for the office—and it is hot and dusty."

Pte. R. Leahy in New Guinea to his wife at 30 Lyndhurst St., Richmond, Vic.:

"THE going has been very tough, the loneliness at times hard to bear, but the other day we saw a sight which we will never forget.

"During a lull we all went in for a swim, and one of our boys was whistling 'Little Sir Echo.'

"As he finished we heard voices taking up the word 'Hello.' "We looked around, and in a pool not far away were about 20 native children.

"They all then sang 'Silent Night, Holy Night.' It was the most beautiful sound in the world to us all, and brought home and our loved ones very close."

L.A.C. Davies somewhere in Australia to his sister, Miss M. Davies, 67 King St., Newcastle.

"WE had a concert one night, put on by the boys themselves.

"The stage was a flat-topped motor trailer, and was quite all right till a 'ballet' of six airmen started to do a ballet dance.

"When they got going, so did the springs of the trailer, till it was bouncing like a ship at sea.

"Then one of the floodlights fell off, and the plane bounced up and down and the pianist was doing his best to follow it.

"It was very funny, and caused quite a lot of laughter.

"But it is good to hear the care-free laughter of a lot of men echoing through the jungle and trees in the stillness of these tropical nights."

Interesting People



MAJOR LORNA BYRNE

... Assistant controller, A.W.A.S.

RECENTLY appointed Assistant

Controller of A.W.A.S. in

Western Australia, Major Lorna

Byrne has important administrative

job. Is in charge of all

A.W.A.S. activities in State. Was

formerly stationed in Melbourne

as assistant to Lieut. Colonel Sybil

Irving, Director - General of

A.W.A.S. Before the war was

woman organiser with N.S.W.

State Agricultural Bureau.



SIR HUBERT WILKINS

... special battle dress

SIR HUBERT WILKINS, famous

Australian-born Arctic ex-

plorer, aids war effort by designing

clothes for American soldiers for

snow, desert, and jungle fighting.

Is expert consultant to U.S.

Quartermaster-General. Personally

tests his equipment under battle

conditions. Recently flew to

Alaska and the Caribbean. For

polar troops designed the parka,

pullover of wool and fur fibres.



MISS NORMA PARKER

... Social work

FIRST psychiatric social worker

appointed to a mental hospital

in Australia is Miss Norma Parker,

now on duty at Callan Park, Syd-

ney. Co-operates with psychiatrists

in treatment of patients. Formerly

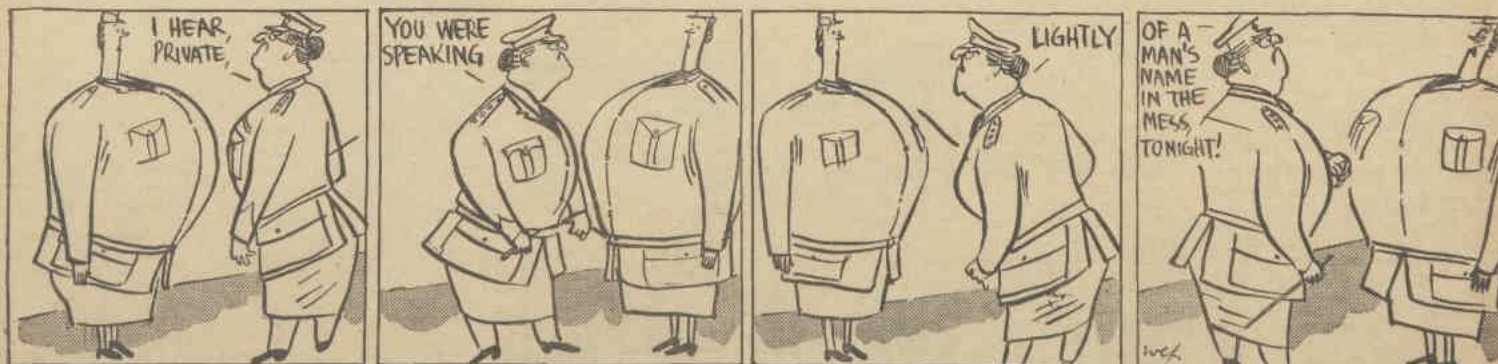
assistant tutor director, Board of

Social Service, Sydney University,

she is Master of Arts of Perth Uni-

versity. Trained as social worker

in U.S.A.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep



PEGGY SHEA, charming young Australian singer, recently a guest artist in the radio session, "Australia Sings."

To help promising singers

A radio session designed to foster Australian singing talent, both professional and amateur, is "Australia Sings," which is heard from 2GB and Macquarie Network stations every Saturday night at 8.

THE session has already brought to the microphone more than 200 different voices and, apart from guest stars, most of these were only just breaking into radio.

Producer E. Mason Wood says that Australia is demanding still more new voices, and to discover new talent to present in this weekly session regular auditions are held at 2GB every Monday night.

All types of singers are eligible. The only proviso is that the singer has a voice of promise, and the desire to become a star some day in his or her own right.

There is no limit to the type of songs which have been presented in "Australia Sings"—operatic numbers, modern numbers, old favorites, airs from musical comedy, rousing ballads, and so on.

Presentation is made from both Sydney and Melbourne to give equal opportunity to the vocal talent in both States to make a name for themselves in the land of song.

To provide each voice with a perfect setting, special arrangements have to be written for all numbers. Reg. Lewis Macquarie Orchestra, and the Macquarie Ensemble, a group of harmony singers, are responsible for this side of the programme.

Sydney compere is John Walker, whose pleasant, friendly voice acquaints listeners with the singing stars of to-day and to-morrow. Melbourne producer is Hector Crawford, and compere is Rod Gainford.

Many noted guest stars have appeared in this programme, including Peter Dawson, David Barwell, William Laird, Wyn Richmond, Ormonde Douglas, Thelma Phillips, Miriam Lester, Lionel Cecil Lawrence McAuley, Rene Gowens, Raymond Beatty, Kathleen Goodall, Stanley Clarkson, and Peggy Shea.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, July 29: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, July 29 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All These in Favor."

FRIDAY, July 30: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gums of Melody.

SATURDAY, July 31: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Campelella's "Melody Fourness."

SUNDAY, August 1 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, August 2: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, August 3: Musical Alphabet.

Mandrake the Magician

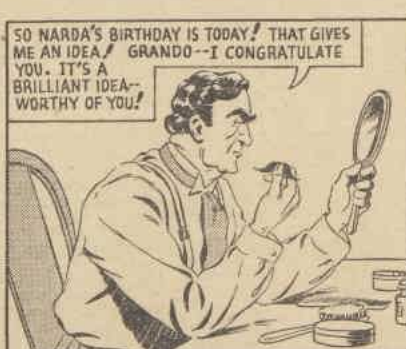


MANDRAKE: Magician, and LOTHAR: Giant Nubian servant, are helping PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cockaigne, arrested for stealing money at a charity bazaar, and Teller Smith, accused of a bank theft. Mandrake knows the thief is his ex-assistant, Grando, who hypnotised them and took the money. He is now trying to prove Grando's guilt before the trial. Grando attempts to kill Mandrake, but Lothar saves him.

The would-be assassin runs into the street and hypnotises a policeman who tries to stop him. The officer, when questioned, gives a confused description which leads Mandrake to believe the man involved is not Grando. Grando knows that Narda and Teller Smith are now the only two who can identify him, so he decides to kill them.



NOW READ ON:



ENGLISH SPITFIRE BOYS IN THE NEVER-



FOUR O'CLOCK TEA RITUAL in the rustic-built officers' mess of the English Spitfire pilots in the tropical bush of Australia's north-west. And with tea they take those most English of papers, the "Tatler" and "Sketch."



FLIGHT-SERGEANT DAVID M. WHEELER, of St. Albans, adjusts a knife case over his socks as part of preparation for taking off in his Spitfire.—Pictures by War Photographer Jack Hickson.

These fair-skinned lads look like bronzed Australian surfers now

From BILL MOORE, War Correspondent, Somewhere in Australia

There's a little bit of England wedged into a slice of thickly timbered bushland that forms part of rugged north-western Australia.

That little bit of England is the courageous unit of Spitfire pilots and ground crew who left the misty, green countryside of their Motherland to join Australian Spitfire units in tackling Jap air invaders who swarm in from the stratosphere over the Arafura Sea.

MERE lads with pink-and-white complexions have in a few months of their life in balmy, tropical sunshine become as suntanned as the brawniest surfer on Australian beaches.

They have tossed aside the sweaters and mufflers they were wearing in bitterly cold south of England air stations last year, and to-day work and play in shorts and boots as thoroughly acclimatised as the Australian troops and airmen who are defending this area.

They are a happy lot, these Englishmen thousands of miles from home. They live in tents and crude bush huts, roughing it as they've never had to rough it before. The commander of this happy band is an ace pilot of overseas, who already has a fine tally of Jap skulls to his credit.

The commander is more than a leader to these men—he is father and counsellor.

For there are lads in this squadron still in their 'teens, away from home for the first time.

You'll hear the commander say: "Well, chaps, a big responsibility rests on you. I know you'll give me your best."

And they do.

These R.A.F. boys have in a few months, according to local estimates, accounted for more than thirty Jap bombers and fighters destroyed, probably destroyed, and damaged.

Their top-scorer is dark-haired, modest Flight-Lieut. Bob Foster, of London, who has shot down five, and probably destroyed two, Jap planes.

Standing behind these crack pilots are the ground crew.

Lone Australian flying member of the British Spitfire unit, Flight-Lieutenant John Cook, of Grange, Adelaide, told me: "These ground crew boys are the goods. Our aircraft are always ready for duty. The ground crew boys never fail us."

Men thrown together in the bush, far away from civil life, become men of simple pleasures.

Every afternoon, for instance, armorers stage a private dancing class outside their work tent.

Leader of the class is Leading-Aircraftman Johnny Garven, 21, of Manchester.

Plenty of talent

GARVEN is a semi-professional specialty dancer, and instructs the lads in most intricate steps. The boys have no music, but one of them sits down with a kerosene tin drum to hit, while someone else hums a tune through a coxswain's speaker.

Then the lads take their partners and shuffle round on their dirt dance floor. But the boys, who hail from Glasgow to Land's End, reckon it's darned good fun.

The armorers have an eccentric dancer, too—former Fox Movietone News cameraman, Leading-Aircraftman George Parker, of Holland Park, London.

George goes through a snake-charmer shuffle while a chanting and clapping audience provides rhythm.

Fearing that ground crew lads might become "trotters" in their strange setting, the commander offered prizes for the most ornamental and best-kept tents.

The result was terrific. Almost overnight tents became



TOP-SCORER OF THE SPITFIRE U.F. Lavender Gardens, London, doing



HOME FROM HOME. Decorative enter a tent achieved by L.A.C. Bill Davis, of

members of well-ordered streets, with fences, front gates, garden paths, gardens, and even porches.

Nowhere in Australia will you find tents like these—some even sport beer-garden annexes. But the biggest trouble so far has been to get the beer!

Officers and men have combined to erect mess huts, kitchens, and storerooms from bush timber.

The officers' mess, with its fernery and bar, would be a creditable addition to any community. In between fighting Japs and getting planes ready for the next raid, pilots and men indulge in swimming and basket-ball.

They have fish traps which provide regular supplies of barracoota, mullet, and other fish as a supplementary diet. Vegetable gardens have produced crops of tomatoes and lettuce.

Pilots and men have one ambition—daily action to smash the Jap and so speed the peace.

For, despite sunshine, the Australian bush, and its never-ending sources of wonderment, these R.A.F. Spitfire boys live for the day they'll be able to return to England and their loved ones.

Because for them "There'll always be an England."

NEVER



AFTERNOON IN THE SUN. Flight-Sergeant Gordon Huggard, Flight-Sergeant Barker, Flying-Officer W. T. Hinds, Flight-Sergeant Spencer, seen behind the boots of two of their flying comrades.



PRIZE-WINNERS. In the C.O.'s contest for best decorated tents, "The Six Palms" was winner. Owners are L.A.C. Ted Herridge, of Devonshire (left), and L.A.C. Fred Elliott, of Southampton. In background, L.A.C. Bernard Dolman, of Derby.



PAINTING "NIPS" ON C.O.'S PLANE. From left: L.A.C. Jack Donaldson, of Glasgow; L.A.C. John Norton, of Manchester; L.A.C. Stanley Twist, of Kensington Gardens; L.A.C. Sid Webb, of Grays, Essex (front).



CAMP PET. Flight-Lieutenant John Cook, of Adelaide, holds baby wallaby; Acting-Adjutant, Flying-Officer R. D. O'Brien, of Shepparton, Vic., looks on. John is only Australian flying member of squadron.

Hawk-eyed airgunner awarded his third decoration

Cabled from London by ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Flight-Sergeant Francis Norman Williams, of Leeton, N.S.W., has just been awarded the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal (Flying). Already holder of the D.F.M. and Bar, he's one of the most decorated and most outstanding air-gunners in the R.A.F.

CRACK rifle shot of Leeton Gun Club, Norman owns a deadly skill which has accounted for four enemy aircraft and two probables—sounds more like the score of a fighter-pilot than of the rear-gunner of a Halifax bomber.

Twenty-nine years old, he is quiet and reserved, with fair hair, and greeny-blue eyes arrest your attention.

These eyes have been his greatest asset, for Norman has exceptional night vision.

His sight and steady aim, coupled with cool courage and determination to "get them before they get us," saved the lives of his crew the night they were returning, crippled and aflame, from Dusseldorf, and also added two to his

total bag of enemy aircraft, and the two blues of the C.G.M. ribbon to his breast.

Just out of hospital, Norman is limping slightly, but looks well.

He was on his forty-second trip when the bomber was intercepted by two enemy fighters. These two attacked nearly 40 times. Though wounded, Norman not only drove off the attacks and accounted for two aircraft, but, making light of his injuries, remained in the turret till a landing was effected.

"The squadron has presented me with the gun turret doors which they had to hack open to get me out," said Norman.

"The doors have thirty-seven holes in them. My Irvine jacket has five bullet holes in the right-hand sleeve, though I was not wounded in the arm, and the seat below me was blown clear away."

Norman was awarded his C.G.M.

in hospital, where the crew visited him.

But it was the last time he was to see them, for they were posted missing after their next operation.

He dropped his voice as he said: "We were superstitious about not flying together. They were a grand lot of boys—three Canadians and three Englishmen."

Norman's home is Clifton, Leeton, where he worked for the Water Conservation Commission.

He learned to shoot on ducks and kangaroos. He's won many shooting competitions, topped the gunnery course in Australia, where he trained, and topped the shooting section of a refresher course in England.

He has a brother in the R.A.F. in Australia, and another brother in the A.I.F. One sister is married to R.A.A.F. Sergeant-Pilot C. E. S. Herbert, who is in England.

A younger sister is at home with Norman's mother, who was left a widow when the children were small.

I asked Norman if he was married or engaged, and he said: "No, my mother's my best girl."

Norman is still a sergeant, though he was offered a commission last September after receiving his D.F.M.

He refused, for he is determined to remain a sergeant and a gunner.



DANCING CLASS at "Ye Olde Bush Inn." Every afternoon the armofers have a dancing class before their tents, with L.A.C. Johnny Garven, a semi-professional dancer, as instructor.

Continuing . . . Lady in Hazard

from page 5

SEEING Sheila, he touched the brim of his shabby hat and glanced at her with the uncertain expression of an aged and nervous dog.

"Well, Joe," said Fielding again, "and how are you this morning?"

"Could be worse, sir," Joe's voice was shrill and quavering. "Yes, Mr. Fielding, sir, I could be worse. It's only in me left shoulder this morning."

"Joe suffers from rheumatism," explained Fielding.

"Cruel bad, sir," agreed Joe. "But it's going. Another week, and I reckon I'll have her beat. Just wanted to tell you, sir, that the bay pony is a bit sore in the near hind foot, sir. The one the Air Force officer was riding the day before yesterday."

"Very good, Joe. I'll be along in a few minutes." He turned to Sheila. "Joe's an old sailor. But, all the same, there isn't much he doesn't know about horses."

Sheila smiled at the old man, who broke into garrulous confirmation. "With Lord Jellicoe in the Boxer Rising, I was, Miss. Gunner. I was. I ain't the man I was, and that's the truth, but I can still ride, for all I'm eighty-seven."

Fielding roared with laughter. "Now then, Joe, that won't do. Last week you said you were eighty-four. You can't clap on three years like that, you know."

Joe looked offended. "Eighty-seven," he said sulkily. "That's what I told the lady the other day." "Which lady?" asked Fielding, winking at Sheila.

"Why, this lady," said Joe unexpectedly. "You remember, don't you, miss? Eighty-seven, I said." "I'm afraid I don't," replied Sheila. "I haven't seen you before, Joe."

The old man stared at Sheila, then, pushing back his ruined hat, scratched his head. "You haven't, Miss? I could 'a' sworn . . . The old boy's memory's failing."

said Fielding, in a husky murmur. "Poor old fellow." Then, as the old man turned the corner again, he added: "He's not nearly so old as he thinks. Drink, you know. Goes on periodical benders. I've an idea that's what finished his naval career, but, of course, he won't admit it."

"Poor old chap."

"He's better off here than he would be in most places. He can't get drink from us, and when the fit comes on him he has to go away. But he always turns up again, sore and sorry. He lives in a hut about a quarter of a mile behind the house, near the creek. He gets a pension and I pay him a few bob a week for odd jobs. I sort of inherited him with the place."

Their attention was arrested by a sudden cry.

Mrs. Shusters came flying down the path from the front of the house. "Oh, Miss Heydon," she was breathless, as usual. "I've been ringing the post office at Benton ever since breakfast, and just managed to raise Mr. Lake. Mrs. Lake is away to-day. You'll be able to put your call through now."

Sheila turned and hurried back with her to the office.

A drizzling voice over the telephone, having received the number of Margaret's flat, assured her that he would call her when he got it—in ten minutes or so.

While she was waiting, Lorie appeared for a moment in the door of the office. "It doesn't matter about that call," she said. "I've changed my mind."

At last, much to Sheila's surprise, Margaret's number answered. Bright, strong tones assured her that she was on the right number, but that Miss Heydon had gone away.

"When, please?" Sheila asked.

"Last Friday. In the morning. Early, it was."

Sheila's heart seemed to stop, then beat again with frightening

swiftness. "Friday," she repeated. Then: "Who is that, please?"

"I'm the lady that comes in."

"What lady?"

"The charlady, Mrs. Murch. I do her flat every Saturday, but seeing she's away I left it over till to-day. She went away Friday in her car. Some people have luck."

"Where did she go?"

"Wait a sec," entreated Mrs. Murch. "She left an address round somewhere in case of letters. Here you are:—Miss Heydon, care of Red Shutters, via Benton, New South Wales."

The humming on the line swelled. "Do you want an extension?" demanded an exchange somewhere along the route.

What was the use? Sheila hung up. It was only what she had expected, surely. Yet she knew that up till the moment of ringing she had unreasonably hoped for some other answer.

Exhaust smoking and radiator steaming, an ancient car roared up the long grade to Red Shutters. Cunningham, watching his hectic progress from a sunny corner of the front verandah, wondered if it were Margaret Heydon at last. If so, and if this were the vehicle in which she had left Sydney, the delay was not surprising.

The car turned in sharply at the open main gates, and came careering somewhat uncertainly along the drive. Two soldiers and a girl were crammed into the front seat; the rear was piled high with suitcases.

With a screaming of worn brakes and much tearing up of loose gravel, the soldier at the wheel brought the car to a spectacular full stop and cut off the engine.

The soldiers climbed out. They were big fellows. The faces beneath their well-worn slouch hats were brown, hard-bitten, and friendly. One wore the triple stripes of a sergeant; the other was a corporal, and their faded color patches indicated service abroad.

With an elaborate air of nonchalance the corporal helped the girl to descend, while the sergeant, who had been driving the car, rolled himself a cigarette, and subjected the front elevation of Red Shutters to a critical survey.

"You cold, Billy?" inquired the young lady.

"I'd break anywhere with a snap," announced the sergeant. "And don't call me Billy. How would you like it if people called him Freddie?" He indicated the corporal with a gesture of the thumb. "It's not dignified."

"Oh, all right, Sergeant."

"Call him Bill," instructed the corporal. "Don't you go annoying him, Daph. We don't want to start an argument on our honeymoon."

"I want to annoy someone," declared Daph. "I'm dead with cold."

"What do you think we are?" demanded the corporal.

The girl grimaced, then asked:

"What do you think of the place, Fred?"

"Oh, I dunno," said the corporal in a slow, easy drawl. "I've seen worse. You never can tell with these flash-looking joints. Anyhow, here we are and about time. When you've given the scenery the once over, Bill, you might lend a hand with the gear."

Laden with luggage, the two soldiers mounted the verandah steps, the girl urging them on from the rear with cries of "Nice work, boys." She was very young, Cunningham saw, and filled with a vitality he could not help envying, though perhaps a stickler for effect might have found her somewhat too red of lip, too shiny of leg.

Before the entrance another discussion occurred.

"It's Bill's place to go in and fix things up," asserted the corporal. "He's the best man, isn't he? And that's the best man's job."

"But that was yesterday," said Daph, airily. "He's not the best man for life. That's all over."

"Too right it is," agreed Bill. "I signed off when I paid the parson."

"I'll toss you for it," said the corporal, seized by inspiration. Daph produced a coin from her bag. It flashed in the air, apparently to Fred's disadvantage, for he clumped inside, his wife clicking along behind on her high heels. Left to himself, the sergeant began to whistle. Then, seeing Cunningham for the first time, he stopped short, grinning broadly.

"You been there all the time? Say, what's the tucker like here?"

"I'd call it adequate," said Cunningham.

"That's a weight off my mind," asserted the sergeant, perching himself precariously on the verandah rail. "I'm the responsible party, in a way. It was me that booked us in here, by phone, day before yesterday. If the place is no good I'll catch it from Daph and Fred. Mind you, a man can't blame them. You only have one honeymoon, generally speaking."

"On the average," agreed Cunningham, gravely.

"That's just the point. There's not so many places you can go now, either, what with some being closed and some taken over for schools, and some full of refugees and whatnot. Our trouble's time. We've only got ten days. Not on your own honeymoon, I suppose?"

Cunningham uttered a hasty disclaimer.

"They are," said the sergeant, with a wink. "Fred Tucker and Daph. I'm Bill Carter, Fred's my clobber. We been together right through the piece. Started in Liverpool, 1939, and just got back."

"Middle East?"

Sergeant Carter nodded. "You know it?"

"Sort of. Only from the outside looking in. But you were talking about your clobber."

"Well, when we got back Daph was waiting for him—mind you, I never thought she would be, knowing wimmen—but there she was, and they got married. And here we are."

Animal Antics



"Sometimes I just don't know what I'd do without Minnie!"

"Quite," said Cunningham, politely. "But what I don't quite get—maybe I'm dull—is just how you fit into the picture."

"I'm his best man," explained the sergeant. "First time in my life. Believe me, I wouldn't have taken it on for anyone else. But I couldn't let old Fred down. So I found out we could wangle a few petrol tickets for our leave, and I borrowed the brother-in-law's car. I'm not saying that Fred was that keen on me coming, but Daph backed me up. After all, who was supplying the car and petrol?"

Cunningham agreed that he had a strong case.

"Anyhow," added Sergeant Carter, "how was I going to put in my leave without Fred? A man can't knock about on his own, can he? Can you get a drink in this joint?"

"Not unless you bring it with you."

The sergeant winked again. "I fixed all that," he said.

Diving into this sea of information, Cunningham emerged with an idea. "You drove all the way from Sydney in that?"

"What do you mean 'in that'?" asked the sergeant, not without hauteur. "I won't say it's as good as new, but who is? It still goes. You saw that yourself."

"What time did you leave Sydney? Early this morning?"

"This morning! No fear. I'd say round about four yesterday afternoon. They got married before lunch, and we had a bit of a party. Yes, I reckon it would be about four. Then we had two punctures. That held us up a bit, but we made Goulburn last night. Then we came on here this morning."

"Much traffic on the roads?"

"Never seen it lighter."

"Then perhaps you might remember passing a little yellow car—a coupe—with a girl driving?"

To be continued

Hospital Bride

Continued from page 7

"Sit down, my dear. I want to talk to you."

It was coming, Allison told herself, with aching heart. He was going to explain that he had made a mistake in marrying her.

A big, firm hand was laid on hers.

"You see, Allison, when I married you I thought I wasn't going to get better. My head was nearly driving me mad. I felt I couldn't stand it much longer. And so I married you to make things easier for you."

"I know, Gerald. It was good of you. I see now that I shouldn't have let you."

"It wasn't your fault. We weren't either of us to know that I was going to get better."

"Gerald, I'm glad you've recovered. You know that, don't you?"

He smiled. "Thanks, Allison. And now I've got to think of getting you out of the fix I've got you into. I'm afraid it will have to be a divorce. Do you mind?"

Did she mind? Tears welled to her eyes.

"You're crying, Allison. Gee, I'm sorry. What a mess I've made of things."

Allison dabbed at the tears with her finger-tips.

"I'm a brute to have made you suffer."

"You're not, Gerald, you're not. You've been good, and kind, and splendid. The girl you're going to marry is the luckiest girl on earth. I hope she's worthy of you."

He looked at her bear-wet face. "You've got it wrong, my dear. I'm not going to marry anyone. What made you think that?"

"I thought that was why you wanted to be rid of me. When—when I kissed you, you turned away—as if I'd hurt you."

His arm slipped around her shoulders.

"It hurt me, Allison, because I ached to make that kiss a real one. I've loved you ever since Don showed me your photo many months ago. I lived for your letters that he shared with me. I think, perhaps, he guessed when he asked me to take care of you. I'll never want to marry anyone but you."

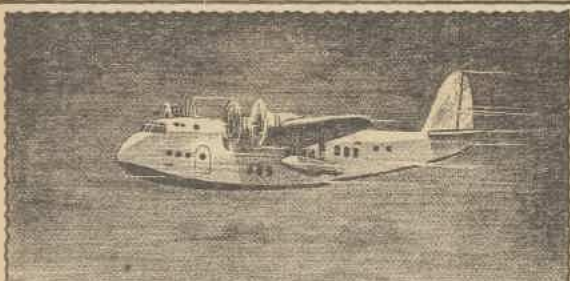
"Allison smiled up at his earnest face. "Then you shan't."

"Allison—you mean?" The dark blue eyes searched her own.

"I mean, Gerald, that I want you to give me that real kiss you talked about."

His arms went around her, drawing her to him.

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"AIR MAIL MYSTERY"

The elements of mystery developed to perfection. You're kept in suspense till the final chapter.

2GB

Mon. to Thurs. 5.30 P.M.

£10 National Savings Bonds
"AS YOU LIKE IT"

The best programme submitted wins a £10 National Savings Bond. Choose 5 numbers . . . your 5 favourite tunes . . . two fast tempo numbers, three slow . . . your favourite musical comedy number . . . an orchestral item and your favourite song. Entries close at 2GB July 31.

It's coming 2GB August 25th

Fashion PATTERNS



F2232.—Charming blouse featuring unusual yoke and waistline. 32 to 36-inch bust. Requires 2½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F6995.—Smart, slimly tailored top coat. 32 to 36-inch bust. Requires 2½ yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2308.—Cleverly styled day frock featuring popular front fullness. 32 to 36-inch bust. Requires 4½ yds., 36ins. wide. Price, 1/7.

F2309.—Snappy check design for day wear. 32 to 36-inch bust. Requires 3½ yds. and 1 yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.



F4698.—Warm, well-styled overcoat for boys 6 to 12 years of age. Requires 3½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F181.—Dainty frock for little girls 1 to 6 years of age. Requires 1½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt dispatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

CONCESSION COUPON

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State, as under.

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 491C, G.P.O., Perth. Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
The Manager, Box 160C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post. PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
STREET
SUBURB
TOWN
STATE
SIZE Pattern Coupon, 31/7/43.

Special Concession Pattern

Pattern available for one month only from date of issue.

EXQUISITE CHRISTENING ROBE AND TWO FROCKS FOR INFANTS UP TO 6 MONTHS.

No. 1.—Christening Robe. Material required, 1½ yds., 36ins. wide.
No. 2.—Short Frock. Material required, 1½ yds., 36ins. wide.
No. 3.—Short Frock. Material required, 1½ yds., 36ins. wide.



Fashion Frock Service



When ordering, please state clearly bust, waist, hips, and full length measurements.

How to obtain "SHIRLEY": In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3486R, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering, be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.

Needlework Nations

Three Bibs for Baby 375

THESE three bibs, which are traced clearly on good quality rayon crepe-de-chine, in white only, feature scalloped edges and dainty embroidery motifs. Design No. 3 is finished with a ribbon tie (which is not included).

Price 1/4, 1 coupon, plus 11d. postage.

Set of three — 3/6, 2 coupons, 11d. postage.

Please ask for No. 375.



2088



Dainty Rompers

THESE rompers designed for early summer days are clearly traced on a good, washable material: rayon crepe-de-chine in shades of pink or blue ready to cut and sew. The neckline is finished with a small Peter Pan collar; sleeves are long and gathered into a wristband, and a bodice shows a shaped yoke. In-between-legs opening is featured, and legs are gathered on to a band.

Sizes, 6 to 12 months, price 6/3 (3 coupons); 1 to 2 years, 6/11 (3 coupons). Postage, 41d. extra. Paper pattern only costs 1/4. When ordering, please ask for No. 2088.

Three Attractive Mats

TRACED on Indian muslin in shades of blue, lemon, pink, and green, and also white, or on linette, a cotton material, in shades of pink, blue, coffee, green, lemon, also white, these three d'oyles measure 8ins. x 8ins., and each features a dainty motif for embroidery. The edges are illustrated with lace trim, but this is not supplied with the traced d'oyles.

Indian muslin: 10d. each or three for 2/3.

Linette: 10d. each or three for 2/3. Postage 11d. extra.

When ordering, please ask for No. 376.



"SHIRLEY," smartly styled frock for early spring and summer wear.

This frock, collared to the waistline, features long, slim sleeves, well-extended at shoulder, twin pocket flaps, and a slim skirt softly gathered at the centre front.

The material is a rayon staple fibre wool, light in weight, and most suitable for early spring wear. The shades available are grey-royal, ink-blue, pale blue, and burgundy.

"SHIRLEY" may also be had in heavy flat crepe, in shades of Argentine-blue, cattleya-pink, moonlight-grey, Olympic-blue, wine, navy, and black.

CUT OUT ONLY: Sizes, 32 and 34in. bust, 39/11 (12 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 43/11, and 1/9½ postage.

READY TO WEAR: Sizes, 32 and 34in. bust, 50/6 (12 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 55/11 (13 coupons), 1/9½ postage.



HELLENIC BALL at Town Hall. (Reading clockwise) Rika Vakalis, Daphne Stratty, Betty Cooper, Lily Graves, U.S. Lieutenant George Evans, and Ensign Pauline Vathis, U.S. Navy nurse.

On and Off DUTY.

GRAND total of £5471 raised by Leichhardt Red Cross Prisoners of War committee during past twelve months. This is announced at annual meeting by President Mrs. C. Jackson.

Among those present at meeting are Mrs. E. Paul, Mrs. E. Smith, and Mrs. M. A. Cross.

Mrs. Jackson, who is also president of the Red Cross (Leichhardt Branch), tells me the committee raised sum of £1036 for branch funds during the year.

The Red Cross is very dear to Mrs. Jackson's heart, as she has been working for it for 28 years. She was a V.A. in the last war, and for 26 years has never missed a Junior Red Cross exhibition. "I think that's a record," she says proudly.

ENGAGEMENT announced. Marjorie, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dennett, of Gosford, to Corporal Ernest Gambrell, A.I.F., son of Mrs. G. Gambrell, of Morisset, and the late Mr. Gambrell.



CHINESE EXHIBITION at Town Hall. Lovely handworked linen sets are displayed by Mrs. Phyllis Young and Mrs. Mary Ma.



METROPOLITAN AIR FORCE YOUNGER SET pack parcels to be sent to R.A.A.F. stations. (From left) Peggy Mitchell, Mary Shindorfer, Nell de Winde, Dot Conaghan, Beryl Swanner, and Beryl Baxter.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT Searchlight Women's Auxiliary hold dance this Thursday at the Australian Hall as climax of the Queen Competition they are holding at the moment.

President, Mrs. F. Barrett, tells me funds from competition will go toward providing instruments for the searchlight band now doing wonderful work for troops in forward battle areas.

UNUSUAL setting for diamond solitaire chosen by Constance Wilkinson when she announces her engagement to Warren James Devir. Constance is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Wilkinson, of Warrell Creek, and her fiancé is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Devir, also of Warrell Creek.

EMBOSSED satin gown worn by Norma Day for her wedding to Samuel Schumack at St. Philip's. Bride is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Day, of Camden, and bridegroom, who is attached to Police Investigation Branch, is the third son of Mrs. S. Schumack, of Orange, and the late Mr. Schumack.

Bride's sister, Marie (Mrs. Gordon Daly, of Melbourne), is matron of honor, and Mary Glynn is bridesmaid.

WELCOME parcels received at Y.M.C.A. headquarters at Darwin are books sent up by Mrs. E. Knowles, of Paddington. Mrs. Knowles, who is an invalid, has sent up 200 books and hundreds of newspapers to the north.

"Love reading so much myself," she said, "that I like to pass on all the books I enjoy."

All the parcels are wrapped by Mrs. Knowles herself.

She has had many letters of thanks from lads who have received her books.



ARROWS CLUB. Helping hostesses Nora Clyne and Jo Tyndale make hot cakes for "Festive in New Orleans" party at Arrows Club dance are U.S. Privates Dave Strawn and Alvin Hemmisa.



SODA BAR at American Centre. (Inside counter) Lorraine Horns, Betty Crouch, Shirley Walter, and Patricia Burkett fill trays for Daphne Curry and Ursula Southwell.

PRESIDENT of Freelance Younger Set, Diane Lianos, tells me the committee is arranging a series of tennis parties to raise funds for the Scarpa Homes, which is instigated to be aided by these energetic girls.

MARTIN PLACE this Friday will be a "street of markets," says Mrs. Hubert Fairfax, chairman of China Day Appeal committee.

Huge marquee to be set up in centre of Martin Place, and pavements lined with stalls. Mrs. J. Lumbewe will be in charge of produce stall, Mrs. Mowll will have jam stall, and Miss Josephine Marks will be in charge of the sweet stall. Buttons costing sixpence to £1000 will be sold throughout the city and country.

FINAL year student at Sydney Teachers' College, Winifred McGraw, announces her engagement to Driver J. H. Bowmaker. Winifred is elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John McGraw, of Fivedock, and her fiancé is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bowmaker, also of Fivedock.

OF country interest is announcement of the engagement of Joanne Kemp, of Orange, to John Hutchison, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hutchison, of Stanmore. Joanne, who is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Kemp, of Orange, tells me she is secretary of Orange C.W.A. Younger Set, and is a V.A. attached to local detachment.

GOLDEN wedding celebration for Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bennett, of Chatswood, formerly of Orange district. Orchids flown from Brisbane and special cake were table decorations at family party at Prince's. Their only grandson, Trooper Derek Blashford, A.I.F., was among the guests.

FILM GUIDE

★ ★ **Reunion in France.** Joan Crawford is pivot of triangular drama of love and patriotism set in occupied Paris. Her heart is torn between arms manufacturer Philip Dorn and Eagle Squadron flier John Wayne. Has all the makings of good entertainment, but disappoints.—St. James; showing.

★ ★ **The Girl From Leningrad.** Slow at first, this Soviet story of Red Cross nurses and soldiers of the Red Army works up to magnificent battle scenes, filmed in the snow country. In these scenes, the somewhat scanty English captioning to the Russian dialogue ceases to matter. There are no concessions to glamor, though none are needed by the lovely heroine, Zoya Fyodorova.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

★ ★ **Meet the Stewarts.** Marital comedy with its time-worn theme made sprightly by the deft acting of William Holden and Frances Dee. They are young newlyweds struggling with budget complications and many amusing problems.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.



AT MUNITIONS BALL at Town Hall for Australian Comforts Fund, defence workers Mrs. L. J. Cassidy, Mrs. W. Gillard, Miss M. Butcher, Sheila MacNamara, and Mr. L. J. Cassidy, and (at back) Mr. J. Kortun, Mr. Maxwell Beckett, and Miss Nellie Whiting.



AT MERCHANT NAVY CLUB Mrs. Muthhead-Gould (centre) draws lucky ticket for satin counterpane, watched by helpers (from left) Margaret Bruce Smith, Ruth Larson, and June Mostyn (right), and Firemen A. Ainsworth and K. Blaine, merchant seamen.



Movie World

● Paramount star, Ellen Drew, was the first of the Hollywood actresses to join her husband overseas. She recently returned to the film colony after a long stay in London with her husband, Major Cy Bartlett, former Chicago newspaperman and screen

writer, and now a member of the American 8th Air Force. Ellen is one of the all-star cast of "Star Spangled Rhythm," and co-stars with Robert Preston in "Night Plane from Chungking." She now plans to remain in Hollywood for the duration.





Bewildered, dazed, and quite perplexed
To know which toothpaste is the best,
Joan searched the ads. and saw that one
Said "Stop bad breath—or spoil your fun."

A second promised glistening whiteness,
A third spoke just of stain-free brightness,
A fourth said "Here's real gum protection,"
A fifth claimed "stop-decay" perfection.

Which one to use?—poor Joan was "done"
Until she read of "5-In-One."
Oh! what relief for Joan to find
In "5-In-One" all five combined.



IDEAL FOR DENTAL PLATES TOO—
keeps them stain-free, film-free, odorless.

5-IN-ONE
Dental Cream
100% AUSTRALIAN

LARGE
TUBE
1/6

ASK AT ANY CHEMIST, STORE, HAIRDRESSER OR TOBACCONIST

Are You Assisting the War Effort? BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

**Bet this'll
catch your ear!**

YOU MAY BE DEAF to what
we tell you about softness in
sanitary napkins. After all, we
make Modess. You may think
we're prejudiced. But what
14,000 American women say
should make you sit up and
cock an ear!



YOU'LL HEAR 14,000
VOICES! They belong
to girls like you—who
compared their usual
napkin with Modess—
in a nationwide test.
And 3 out of every 4
found Modess softer!
Listen to that!

ACT QUICK! Do try
Modess. We know that
then you will agree with
millions that it's the soft-
est, most comfortable nap-
kin you've ever used.



3 out of every 4 voted...

Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS
softer

Product of Johnson & Johnson—makers of Johnson's
Baby Powder, Soap and Cream, Tak Toothbrushes
and Meds. B.D.A. 43

SPECIAL NOTE.
Modess produc-
tion is dependent
on raw materials
from overseas.
As such supplies
are often de-
layed, it is likely
that at times you
may not be able
to get Modess.
We assure you
that such short-
ages are not the
fault of chemist
or store, but due
to uncontrollable
war conditions.

Journey for Margaret



1 AMERICAN REPORTER. John
Davis (Robert Young), with
wife, Nora (Laraine Day), arrives
in London and is met at the
boat by friend (Nigel Bruce).



3 RETURNING to hotel,
John learns Nora injured
in raid, and doctor says she
can never have a child.



5 ALSO AT THE HOME he
meets Margaret (Margaret
O'Brien), and John and Nora
adopt the two children.

**Brilliant five-
year-old star**

VAN DYKE, who directed MGM's
"Journey for Margaret," is en-
thusiastic over the talent of little
Margaret O'Brien.

"Once she got the story—under-
stood that she was a frightened little
girl in the London bombing—Mar-
garet went ahead with it," he said.
"We had a lucky break. Bob Young
played her adopted father, and the
little girl in the story was supposed
to worship him. Margaret fell for
Bob first glance—and that helped
plenty. When she cuddled up in
his arms she really cuddled."

You Can Stop That Backache

But you must help your kid-
neys to flush out acid poisons
by taking

DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS

Don't delay—go to your
chemist or store and ask for
Doan's Backache Kidney Pills.
Use them regularly.

Sold by all Chemists and
Storekeepers.

Foster-McClellan Co.,
Proprietors,
15 Hamilton St., Sydney.



2 WHEN SIRENS SOUND John goes out to cover
raid and works with wardens to rescue tiny
Peter (William Severn) from shattered house.



4 AS NORA RECUPERATES, John continues his
friendship with Peter, whom he sees again at a
children's home run by Trudy Strauss (Fay Bainter).



6 THE FOUR set sail for America, and by the time they
reach New York Peter and Margaret are beginning to
forget their terrible experiences in the London blitz.

**SAY! THIS HELPS
ALL YOUR COLD!**



IT'S WONDERFUL how
much relief your child
gets from his cold
when you simply rub
Vicks VapoRub on his chest,
throat, and back at bedtime.

This one simple treatment
clears stuffy nose, soothes sore
throat, eases tight chest and
relieves coughing—all at one time!

Try it tonight, for extra quick
relief. By morning, usually,
the worst of the cold is over.

ONE SIMPLE TREATMENT DOES ALL THIS!

**CLEAR'S
STUFFY NOSE**

Healing vapours, in-
haled with every breath,
soothe irritation, make
breathing easy...

**EASES
TIGHT CHEST,
SORE THROAT**

At the same time, just
like a warming poultice,
VapoRub "loosens" chest
tightness, eases pain.

**RELIEVES
COUGHING**

With irritation sooth-
ed, mouth-breathing
stopped, the child's
coughing is relieved.

**JUST RUB ON VICKS
VAPORUB**

Disguise for a black frock...

• A cute little hat for evening wear is this American version of a Chinese coolie hat, inspired by Madame Chiang Kai-shek's visit to U.S.A.



• Tailored sleeveless bolero and midriff featuring wide-stitched bands. Done in green to wear over a tired black dress.

• Dine out at night in a little black pancake beret—which could be modelled from an old black felt—ties on with black ribbon-strings. A couple of red roses nestle on the ribbon on either side.

• Outsize in collars with wide scarf front tied on with a matching belt. A handy colorful accessory to fling on in a jiffy and guaranteed to completely alter the appearance of that black dress.

• A tiny bolero that has the effect of a yoke when buttoned on. Have it in a bright color and, if possible, match it with hat and gloves.

The Long Way Round

Continued from page 4

BARRY kept going. "Stop, you fool," Purvis called out sharply, and something in his tone made Barry look behind him. The Englishman had his rifle pointed at him.

Barry's jaw dropped. "What the—?" he began.

"I can't permit you to waste these men in a foolish charge down the hill straight into German machine-guns," Purvis explained coldly. "Or to allow those Germans to escape."

"They're escaping right now."

"Not if we reach the pass to the plain before them. Their road through the valley is at least twice as far as the direct route along this ridge. Now, are you obeying orders? Or do I shoot?"

The Cretans were waiting, watching.

Barry hesitated. "Okay," he said, sullenly and reluctantly.

It was a swift and punishing march under cover of the trees along the flank of the ridge to the pass. When they arrived the Englishman picked a spot just within the mouth of the pass where the road swung close to the western cliff. Between it and the eastern hills was an olive orchard. Purvis did not post his men there. He placed them among the scant scrub between the road and the western cliff.

"The Germans will probably scout the olives," he told Barry. "I doubt if they will trouble with this side.

They've been over the road once already this morning."

Barry conceded that this was probable. "What are the orders?" he asked gruffly.

"One volley at my signal and then charge."

The Nazi scouts appeared, scouting the olives. Then the advance guard came into view.

It went by. A hundred yards behind came the main force, marching in open file in two columns, one through the olives, the other on the road. Barry's gaze fixed itself on a machine-gun which two men were carrying in the column on the road. The head of the force on the road reached the spot where he was. The whistle blast shrilled. A sudden volley tore into the Nazis. Then the Cretans charged.

Barry leaped with them. He made straight for the machine-gun. One man was down. Barry bayoneted the other. Then, dropping his rifle and heedless of the hand-to-hand fighting along the road, he tried to get the gun into action. He realised skilled fingers were helping him. It was Purvis.

The Australian was a skilled machine-gunner; fifteen minutes later, except for the scouts and those few of the advance guard who had escaped into the plain, there wasn't a single Nazi left alive. The Cretans, after what they had seen in the village, left no wounded.

It was while the guerrillas, carrying their dead and wounded with them, were making their way back up the valley, that Purvis spoke to Barry.

"Nice work with that machine-gun," Purvis said.

Barry grunted.

"You used your head," Purvis paused. "Sorry about the village," he observed diffidently.

Barry made an effort. "You were right, I was wrong."

"Thank you."

"As a matter of fact," Barry went on, "I was wrong about you more than once. I suppose it was because you were on the staff. You see, I blamed the staff for my brother."

Purvis' face showed interest. "He was killed," Barry said gruffly. "Back there near Herakleion. The day I was hit."

"Oh. Sorry."

"That's what made me lose my temper," Barry said bitterly. "Your staff had blundered time after time."

Purvis had revised his ideas somewhat, too, since the first day the two of them had met.

"I admit that we've made plenty of blunders," he said. He paused, seemed to struggle within himself, took out his pipe, looked at it.

He held out his hand. "I've been praising you for nearly two hundred miles. I won't withdraw a thing I thought," He smiled.

"Brave lad!" he said, then grabbed his waiting glass of sherry.

It was a particularly delightful birthday dinner, and old Mrs. Page looked radiant.

"Couldn't you stay over the weekend, my dear?" she pleaded. "Tomorrow's Saturday. Surely you could."

Arnold thought it might be rather nice. He had only seen Ann, up to date, in an office environment. Before Sunday came he had quite decided that there were other environments in which she shone.

Tentatively Ann said to Arnold: "I've been wondering, Mr. Page, if you are going to allow me to pilot you back."

They were alone in the sunny morning-room. Arnold slept nearer to his secretary. He said: "That depends, Miss Rivers."

Ann looked up. But immediately she looked down.

"Yes, that all depends, Miss Rivers—Ann! There's a stipulation goes with it. I've put my life in your hands once. If I do it again it must be on the understanding—" He paused.

"Yes?" breathed Ann.

"That you'll be my sole pilot—for always," said Arnold. "Could you—would you—Ann?"

And Ann looked up again. But this time she did not look down. For a good pilot doesn't do too much of that sort of thing.

(Copyright)

Appointment for Dinner

Continued from page 2

IT was just five minutes to eight when Arnold Page came down to his mother's old-world drawing-room.

At the door he paused, surprised. With one silver foot on the fender, an elegant young thing in green stood talking to Mrs. Page.

Giving a little warning cough, the man advanced. His mother's eyes were positively twinkling with humor. The lovely young figure turned, and he found himself looking into grey eyes which twinkled

just as much as did his mother's. But they were grey eyes he knew. "Miss Rivers!" he cried in amazement. "You?"

Ann took a step forward—such a lovely Ann. And now the grey eyes held a hint of pleading.

"Will you forgive me, Mr. Page?" she said. "You see, I just couldn't persuade a pilot to undertake the journey. I felt sure I could do it. They say I'm quite a good pilot. So I just chanced things. Do you mind?"



It makes
all the difference

To know that, although the years are mounting up, one continues vigorous in mind and body, self-confident, alert, adaptable, and still able to play one's part in the world, makes all the difference. What was expected to be the downhill road of life has become a broad plateau, a high plain of maturity stretching further than one can see, upon which one finds a new delight in living.

Many men have attained this new vigour of mind and body by taking 'Phyllosan,' and in these times the revitalising effect of these wonderful little tablets is more than ever valuable. We have no doubt that you, too, will be astonished at the results if you take these tablets regularly.

PHYLLOSAN

helps to keep you fit after forty

'Phyllosan' tablets are obtainable of all Chemists and Stores

The regd. trade mark 'Phyllosan' is the property of Saturel Chemicals Ltd., London

Don't spend—LEND. Buy £10 National Savings Bonds.

EXHAUSTING LINGERING BRONCHIAL COUGHS

QUICKLY
STOPPED

Three-way relief
for coughs, colds,
bronchitis, sore,
harsh throats.

MOUNTAIN MIXTURE lets you breathe. A single dose eases the tight screwed-up congestion, and the warming, penetrating thymus, eucalyptus and peppermint, relieve the cough that leaves you breathless and makes your throat red raw. MOUNTAIN MIXTURE acts at once, so get in touch with its soothing help—its right away. Buy a bottle under the guarantee that unless your cold begins to clear at once you may have your money back.

Mountain Mixture
PEPPERMINT



SOOTHES
DEEP
DOWN



She depends on
you so completely

YOUR child's health is completely in your hands. You are the first to notice the signs that point to over-taxing of youthful energy... you are the first to worry over any lack of essential elements in your child's diet.

Horlicks is of inestimable value in maintaining your child's good health. Horlicks is a complete food... that's why it helps so greatly to make good any lack of essential elements in the child's diet. Horlicks contains up to 15% of muscle-building protein, one-half of which is derived from the full cream milk that goes into Horlicks. You probably know

already that milk is one of the best "protective" foods.

Calcium... the bone-builder... is contained in Horlicks to the extent of 77.2 mg. per ounce. Extra energy is produced by the natural milk sugar and malt sugar in Horlicks... these energy-bringers pass quickly into the bloodstream without putting any strain on young digestive organs. "Upsets" never follow Horlicks, even in the case of delicate children. And children love its malty sweetness.

You can buy Horlicks in tins, 3/-, or handy glass jars, 3/- (Prices slightly higher in the country.)



For Your Emergency Store

In an emergency, the whole family could live on Horlicks for an indefinite period. It is a complete food, sustaining and nourishing for old and young, in health and sickness. It's easy mixing with water, and can be taken cold. It keeps indefinitely if the lid is replaced firmly.

HORLICKS

Bonny jumper for a young miss

• Designed to fit 2 to 3-year-olds. Directions given for long and short sleeves.

MATERIALS Required.—3 skeins of "Sun-glo" Shrinkproof or "Sunbeam" super 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2103 (blue); 1 skein "Sun-glo" Shrinkproof or "Sunbeam" super 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1075 (white); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 1 crochet-hook; 3 small buttons.

Measurements.—Length from top of shoulder, 13ins.; chest, 24ins.; length of sleeve seam, 3ins.

Abbreviations.—K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; tog., together; w.r.n., wool round needle.

Tension.—7 sts., 1in.; 9 rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 84 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 21ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles.

1st Row: K.

2nd Row: K.

3rd Row: P.

4th Row: K.

Repeat last 4 rows, and when work measures 8ins. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. When armholes measure 4ins. shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Work the same as for back up to armholes.

Next Row: Cast off 4 sts., work 40 sts. (leave remaining 40 sts. on spare needle).

Continue on last 40 sts., and k 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times, at same time make buttonholes as follows (first one being 1in. above opening and two more 1in. apart):

Commencing at centre front, work 2 sts., w.r.n. twice, k 2 tog., work to end of row.

When armhole measures 3ins. cast off 7 sts. at neck edge of the next

row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 4ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at centre front, cast on 4 sts., k into back of cast-on sts., work to end.

Next row: Cast off 4 sts., work to last 4 sts., k 4.

Continue in pattern, keeping the 4 cast-on sts. in garter st. and k 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. When armhole measures 3ins. shape neck and shoulder to correspond with other side.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 50 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. (working 1st row into back of sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until increased to 60 sts. When work measures 3ins. k 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 16 sts. Cast off.

LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 44 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 2ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 60 sts. When sleeve seam measures 9ins. k 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 16 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

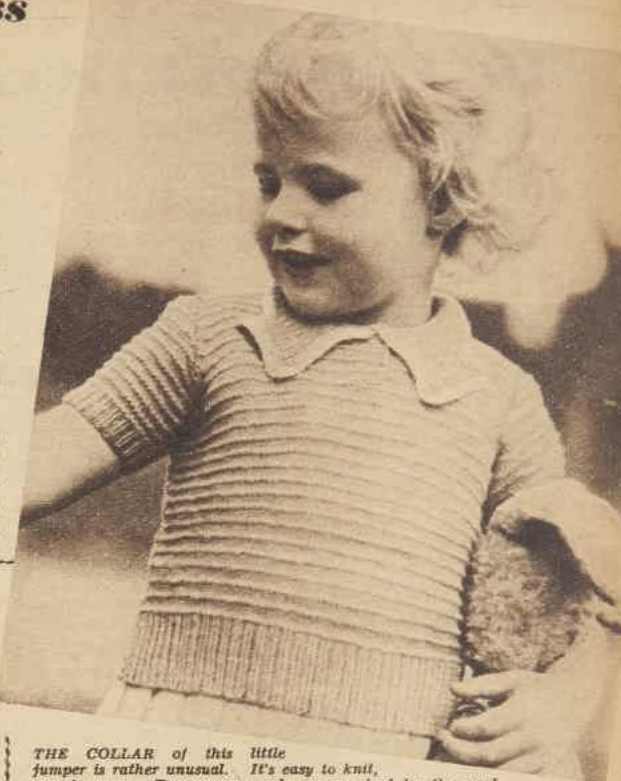
Using No. 12 needles, cast on 116 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 1ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.).

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) 9 times, leave on spare needle, cast off 80 sts. loosely, (k 1, p 1) 9 times.

Continue to work last 18 sts. in rib for 1in. Cast off. Join wool and work the 18 sts. on spare needle to correspond. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew on collar. Work 1 row of d.c. down front opening. Sew buttons on right side of front opening. Using white wool, work two rows of d.c. around collar.



THE COLLAR of this little jumper is rather unusual. It's easy to knit, easy to wear. Two coupons only are required for the wool.

SLEEP IS A GREAT HEALER



REFRESHING SLEEP comes more easily when you avoid excitement or hard mental or physical work before bedtime.

MEDICO gives advice to a tired, listless young girl.

"WHAT exactly is an average day for you, Betty?" I asked.

"Well, I get up about 5.30," she said, "help mother prepare the lunches, and leave for work at seven. Three nights a week I help in a canteen, the other nights I get home about six, have dinner, and go out to the pictures or somewhere."

I didn't wonder she was feeling worn out, listless, and losing weight.

"You're perfectly healthy physically," I explained. "But it seems to me there are three things missing in your daily life, and you'll have to include them—that is, if you want to feel any better: Sleep, rest, and recreation."

"Sleep is a great healer, as we all know. It eases the work of vital organs and gives the body time to do running repairs. We all need eight hours' daily; children, of course, need more."

"Try and relax completely. Relaxed, asleep or awake, the restorative powers of the body can get on with their work. This habit of completely relaxing, if only for ten minutes, is worth while cultivating. It helps to conserve energy."

"As well as sleep and rest, recreation is needed by the body. But let your recreation be re-creation, building anew."

"Do try and get your recreation out of doors. Plant a vegetable garden. It will not only give you some much-needed exercise, but you can forget quite a few worries while attending to the cabbages."

"Go for long walks, preferably with all the family, and enjoy the countryside. Stay home and relax at least two nights a week with an interesting book."

Is there a MAZDA in the house?



Maybe his appendix can't wait till someone gets a Mazda—he hopes it can. There are times when a MAZDA light bulb is worth more than a four figure insurance policy. It is always wise to have a few spare MAZDA lamps in the house for emergency purposes.



WARTIME MORAL

Do not leave lights on when they're not being used. Save light, not by buying cheap lamps but by using pre-tested Australian-made MAZDA electric lamps—They stay brighter longer.

MAZDA

ELECTRIC LAMPS

Advertisement of Australian General Electric Proprietary Limited, distributors for The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., England

SOLD BY ELECTRICAL AND HARDWARE STORES AND BY ALL COLES STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA.

Peggy Sage

Exclusive
Manicure

HERE'S TO THE
NEXT TIME.

(THINKS) ... THERE
WON'T BE ONE
UNLESS SHE DOES
SOMETHING ABOUT
THAT BLOTCHY
COMPLEXION



Give Cupid a break! Clear up
ugly skin faults with

Rexona

MEDICATED SOAP

LATER

GARDENIAS
TO MATCH
YOUR OWN
LOVELINESS
MY DARLING

(THINKS)
HOW BILL HAS
CHANGED NOW
REXONA HELPS
MY COMPLEXION!



WITH MEN a soft smooth skin counts most of all. Avoid the fault that so surely kills romance—a drab, coarse complexion. Rexona Soap contains medicaments that get rid of poisons in the pores and coax sluggish skin back to loveliness. Keep kissable, keep your skin soft and satiny. Make a daily date with Rexona Soap.

REXONA SOAP is medicated with Cadyll and in addition contains Oil of Clove, Oil of Eucalyptus, Oil of Terebinth, Borax Acetate—all recognised valuable skin medicaments.

How to Make the Most of Your Oven

● The oven should be used to its fullest capacity each time it is heated. Only in this way can you save on two precious wartime commodities — time and fuel. Here are points on oven management for all types of ranges.

I HAVE experimented recently with heavy oven loadings—pastries with roasts, cakes cooked at the same time as casseroles. I have tried even casseroles of vegetable greens with soups, fish, and custards cooked on the bottom plate of the oven.

I have also experimented with meals cooked for several hours without opening the oven door, and with half a dozen dishes cooked in the same oven heat, but requiring such varying times that the oven is opened four or five times.

The recorded results of these tests show that oven cookery has amazing versatility: with organisation the oven can be the simplest medium for saving time, energy, and fuel in the kitchen.

Just follow these points:—

1.—Plan special oven cooking sessions twice or, perhaps, three times a week rather than heating the oven each day.

On no account should the oven be lit for cooking just one pie or one cake or for a joint without accompanying dishes. Meat loaves, casseroles of meat, and sweets for succeeding days can be cooked with the one oven heating.

2.—Before heating the oven, arrange the shelves to suit dishes to be cooked.

3.—Remember oven trays should be smaller than the oven shelves, to allow circulation of heat around the food.

4.—The oven should be heated to the required cooking temperature (hot or moderate) before placing food in the oven. Exceptions are foods, such as casseroles and custards, and slow-cooking roast joints, that cook at a very low temperature and may be placed straight into an unheated oven.

A gas oven takes about 10 minutes at full pressure to prepare a hot oven. The electric and solid fuel stoves take longer to pre-heat, but retain their heat longer when the heating medium is turned off.

Pre-heating for a longer time than required wastes fuel.

5.—When loading an oven heavily with food pre-heat to very hot (500 deg. F.) before placing in the dishes. With the introduction of a number of cold dishes the oven temperature will drop at once.

6.—Heat pressure: Foods should never be cooked in an oven with the gas on full, or electric switches on high. After pre-heating and placing the food in the oven, if there is no automatic control, turn the gas or electricity low enough to just maintain the required cooking temperature.

The temperature of a solid, full range is kept steady by careful stoking and by regulating the damper.

7.—Open the oven door as little as possible during cooking. Opening the door wastes heat and spoils the texture of the food.

8.—Oven Positions: The top of the oven is the hottest, as hot air rises and reflects back from the ceiling of the oven.

Top Shelves: Use for foods requiring a fairly high temperature and quick browning, such as scones, pastries, and small cakes.

Centre Shelves: Use for foods that require steady, fairly long cooking, such as joints of meat, larger cakes, large pastries.

Lower Shelves: Use for slower cooking, such as low-temperature roasts, casseroles, and custards.

Bottom Plate: Soup, fish, custards.

9.—Automatic Oven Controls or

Thermostats: Modern gas and electric ovens are fitted with thermostats, which automatically keep the oven at any desired baking temperature. This enables cooking to be done by the exact time and temperature methods and eliminates guesswork and consequent baking failures.

The thermostat dial is turned to indicate the required cooking temperature, and the oven is lit. At the end of the pre-heating time the gas or electricity automatically cuts back, giving just enough heat to maintain the required cooking temperature.

Most recipes published give the time and temperature for cooking.

10.—Oven Thermometers: Many electric ovens have thermometers in their door structure, and with a little practice it is possible to make simple switch adjustments to maintain a steady oven temperature.

The use of the oven-shelf thermometer has also become popular. It assists the cook to manipulate the fuel and maintain the required oven temperature. It is not easy to buy these thermometers at present.

11.—Oven Temperatures:
Slow oven, 275deg.-325deg. F.
Moderate oven, 325deg.-375deg. F.
Moderately hot oven, 375deg.-425deg. F.

Hot oven, 425deg.-475deg. F.

Very hot oven, 475deg.-500deg. F.

If you have no heat control, learn to test the heat with your hand, and you will soon judge accurately the difference between hot, moderate, and slow ovens.

A few temperature examples are:

Scones, 450deg. F.

Small pastries, 425deg. F.

Pies and tarts, 450deg. F. for 10 minutes, and then reduce to 350deg. F. to cook fillings.

Rock bun type, 400deg. F.

Queen cake type, 375deg. F.

Light bar cakes, 350deg.-375deg. F.

Rich fruit cakes, 300deg.-325deg. F.

Casseroles of meat and vegetables, 325deg.-350deg. F.

Milk puddings and custards, 325deg. F.



PEGGY EVANS, our assistant home economist, makes an oven test in the experimental kitchen of The Australian Women's Weekly. A fluffy fruit-pie, cake, casseroles of meat and vegetables, jacket potatoes, and a custard have been cooked in the one heating of this average-sized domestic oven. See explanation on this page.

No. 2 OVEN EXAMPLE (Maintaining a temperature of 400 deg. F.)

Roast seasoned shoulder of mutton, 2 hours.
Lemon cereal pudding, 2 hours.
Roast potatoes and marrow, 45 minutes.

Gingerbread, 45 minutes.
Luncheon meat loaf, 30 minutes.
Apple tart, 30 minutes.
Rock cakes, 15 minutes.

In arranging oven positions the roast meat and vegetables and the cereal pudding would be placed in the lower half of the oven, and the remaining dishes in turn in the top half.

The meat loaf could be cooked in a bar tin at the same time as the tart.

14.—Keep the cooking range scrupulously clean, washing out the oven while it is still warm after each time of use. Cleanliness saves fuel.

sweets of the custard or cereal pudding type.

13.—Other Oven Combinations: When cooking oven meals it is frequently possible to cook an extra meat dish or cakes and sweets for use on following days.

Pastries, custards, and cakes may quite well be cooked in the same oven in which a roast joint or a casserole of meat is cooking.

No. 1 OVEN EXAMPLE (A moderate temperature of 350deg. F. is maintained.)

Casserole of sharp steak, 1½ hours.

Orange crumb custard, 1½ hours.

Jacket potatoes, 1 hour.

Casserole of cabbage, 40 minutes.

Rhubarb fluffy pie, 35 minutes.

Spiced bar cake, 30 minutes.

This oven arrangement is illustrated on this page.

Roast meats, 325deg.-350deg. F., allowing approximately 35 minutes to each lb.

12.—Complete Oven Meals: Oven menus can be planned whereby all courses of the meal (soup, meat, root and green vegetables, and sweets) can be placed in the oven at the one time, cooked without attention, and removed from the oven at the same time. Such meals can be planned taking 30 minutes to 4 hours to cook.

Half-Hour Oven Meals: Small pies, rissoles, meat rolls, oven outlets with thinly sliced potatoes (cooked in hot milk), and finely shredded greens cooked with very little boiling water in casseroles. Sweets can be of the small sponge pudding variety, cake, pies, small pastries, or baked apples.

One Hour Oven Meals can include meat pies, small roasts, meat loaves, baked rabbit, liver dishes, with casseroles of vegetables. Sweets may be fruit pies, larger sponge puddings, crumb custards, or fruit casseroles.

Two to Four-Hour Oven Meals can be planned with slow roasts or casseroles of meat, with root vegetables, soups in casseroles, and



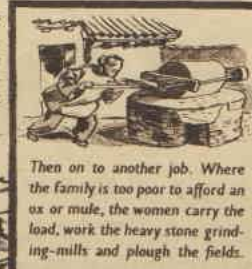
How the World does its Wash

Behind the colour and romance of this land of the dragon lies a world where it is a struggle for bare existence. On washday the scarcity of fuel makes hot water an impossibility—and a laundry in the home is undreamed of.



In remote parts of China the nearest river or canal does duty as the washtub. Soap is unknown. Bark and Herbs are used as cleansers.

How's this for coat-hanger drying? The Chinese have no irons. So they thread a bamboo pole through the sleeves of a garment to help it dry without creasing.



Then on to another job. Where the family is too poor to afford an ox or mule, the women carry the load, work the heavy stone grinding-mills and plough the fields.



How different is washday in Australia, where Persil (the amazing oxygen washer) does most of the hard work! No need even to rub with Persil to get things fresh and clean. So naturally clothes last and last.

ECZEMA and Old Sores

Painful irritation of Eczema, and long-lived sores that just won't go, should be treated with the deep-penetrating cleansing and healing action of FLEXIBAR Ointment. It's the one for Chubialis.

Made to a new formula, with several active ingredients, this unusual ointment contains also ti-tree oil (regarded by some authorities as the most powerful antiseptic germicide).

It works into the under-skin tissue—penetrates fast into the sore infection, and rapidly starts helping to clear up even stubborn eczema and other skin sores.

FLEXIBAR OINTMENT

Price 2/- full-size jar. From Chemists and Stores. If unavailable locally, write to Flexibar Distributors, 375 Kent Street, Sydney, or 335 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

EDINBURGH

The only cough mixture to contain an anti-cold Oral Vaccine which directly attacks cold germs.

COUGH

Stops coughs, colds, sore throats—quickly!
All Chemists.

MIXTURE

20 degrees Below Zero!



Keith Malley works all the year round at a refrigeration plant in a temperature of 20 degrees below freezing point. "Say, Keith, that's a cold job you're doing." "Sure", he replies, "but a cup of hot Bonox now and then keeps the cold outside of me." And Keith should know. Steaming Bonox sends glorious warmth and renewed strength racing through your whole system... raises your resistance... helps you combat marauding flu and cold germs. Take Bonox regularly this winter. Have a hot Bonox today. Buy a bottle on your way home and drink hot Bonox as a nightcap. That's the way to guard against flu.

KNS

Six-way pudding wins prize

• This collection of home-tested recipes comes from our readers.

HAVE you entered your latest kitchen creation in our weekly recipe contest? Do! Readers win cash prizes every week. £1 is paid for the best recipe received, and consolation prizes are awarded all others published on this page.

SIX-WAY PUDDING

One heaped tablespoon golden syrup, 1 pint milk (if using powdered milk allow 2 tablespoons powder and 2 cups water), vanilla or any other flavoring liked.

Put milk and golden syrup in saucepan and slightly warm until syrup is dissolved. Remove from fire, add essence, and place in a greased dish. Stand this dish in warm water. The water must cover at least 2-3rds of the custard. This is most important, as the mixture must not boil. Place in a fairly slow oven and cook until nicely set—approx. 1½-2 hours.

Sultana or Date Pudding: Add 1 tablespoon of sultanas or chopped dates to mixture, and sprinkle top with cinnamon or nutmeg.

Princess Pudding: Place 1 tablespoon any jam desired in bottom of dish and sprinkle top with spices.



CORN FLOUR SHAPES are easy to make, and fun to serve. Above is a ribbon cream shape set in a cakebar-tin. Chocolate, pink, and white, or orange, palest pink, and peppermint-green are suggestions.

Bread and Butter Custard: Butter thin slices of bread, and place on top of mixture; sprinkle with spice.

Apple and Banana Delight: Peel and slice one cooking apple, cook with brown sugar, combine the banana and a squeeze of lemon juice, mash all well and put in bottom of dish, cover with milk mixture.

Tapioca or Rice Substitute: Wash and soak 1 tablespoon tapioca or rice substitute, and add to milk mixture, plus heaped teaspoon sugar.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Peck, No. 19, Kingsly, 36 Blair St., Bondi, N.S.W.

BANANA BISCUITS

Six ounces brown flour, 2oz. margarine, 2 very ripe fresh bananas, 2oz. mixed peel (cut small), a little milk (if necessary), 1 dessertspoon brown sugar.

Rub fat into flour, add peel and sugar. Mash bananas until almost liquid, then work them into mixture, making a stiffish paste. If needed, add tiny drop of milk, but mixture must not be wet. Roll out into biscuit shapes, not too thin. Bake in a moderate oven 10-15 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to P. Morgan Thomas, 34 Clarence St., South Brisbane, Qld.

SALTED BISCUITS

Mix one ounce of very dry, grated cheese with 4oz. flour, add a teaspoon of salt, and a shake of pepper. Mix to a stiff dough with water. Let dough stand for an hour, then roll out as thinly as possible. Prick all over with a fork, and cut into squares and rounds. Sprinkle with table salt, and bake in a hot oven till hard, and lightly browned. Watch carefully, as they burn fairly easily. Cover, if necessary.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Beryl Benson, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

CO-OPERATION MAKES FOR SAFETY

By Our Mothercraft Nurse

MANY of the fears which often beset the mind of the young wife and expectant mother would be dispelled if the truth was brought home to her that motherhood is a perfectly natural, normal event, and not an illness.

Nature usually performs her part faithfully, if natural laws of health are obeyed, and the prospective mother should realise how she can best co-operate with Nature.

This she can do in many ways: She should consult her doctor early in pregnancy, and visit her nearest pre-natal clinic so that she can be under skilled supervision, and can be instructed in all the "essentials" which are necessary for good health, for a happy, healthy pre-natal period, and safe delivery.

A leaflet explaining the mother's part in the pre-natal period has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and will be forwarded if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed with request.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft," and address to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

BUTTERLESS LEMON CHEESE

Boil together 1 cup water, 4 tablespoons sugar, and juice of 1 large lemon. Blend 1 heaped tablespoon of cornflour with 1 beaten egg and a little milk if needed. Pour the boiling liquid over it, mix, return to pan, and boil 5 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Shearer, 97 Nandewar St., Narrabri, N.S.W.

SOLDIERS' COOKIES

Six ounces wholemeal flour, 3oz. butter, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2oz. brown sugar, 2oz. raisins, 2oz. dates, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon milk.

Sift dry ingredients together. Tip back the roughage. Cream together the butter and brown sugar. Beat in the egg-yolk and milk. Add fruit, fold in dry ingredients.

Place small rough forkfuls of the mixture on a greased tray. Cook in a moderately hot oven for 15 to 20 minutes. Allow to cool, store in airtight tin.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. A. Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

End NERVE Troubles

Enjoy quick relief as you correct mineral starvation—tune up system—charge blood stream with living Oxygen.

Thousands of women are blessing Bidomak to-day, where once they were going about nervy, listless, tired, run down, never feeling really well, but always half sick.



Nervous disorders robbed them of popularity, because even a beautiful face and figure can't make up for "jitters" or that awful depressed feeling.

If you are nervy, run down, irritable—if life is a burden and you always feel worried—if you can't eat, sleep badly, suffer from indigestion, constant headaches—if you are tired when you go to bed and tired when you get up in the morning, take Bidomak regularly for a while.

Bidomak Provides Extra Minerals—iron, manganese, and copper for the blood—calcium to aid the teeth, blood, bones and nerves—phosphorus to sharpen the brain, stimulate the glands, purify the

blood—potassium and sodium for buoyant muscles and a healthy blood stream.

BENEFIT Guaranteed or Money Back—The scientific control of a qualified chemist in consultation with a Doctor of Medicine.

Try Bidomak yourself for a while under a guarantee that it must do you good or you get your money back. Get guaranteed Bidomak from your chemist or store to-day (2/- everywhere) and know what it is again to feel full of energy and vigour, free from nerves, pain and ill-health. Equally good for men, women, and children. No dangerous drugs or opiates. Makes you well and keeps you well.

Bidomak
"The Tonic of the Century"
FOR NERVES, BRAIN, AND DEPRESSED FEELING.

LAXETTES, chocolate laxative squares, are gentle in action. LAXETTES are especially suited to the needs of children and nursing mothers. LAXETTES have no underlying taste of medicine.

LAXETTES can be given at any time children require a laxative, just before going to bed is most suitable.

LAXETTES

The correct dose is one-third to one-half a LAXETTE square for children under one year. One-half to one whole LAXETTE square for children aged one to two years. One whole LAXETTE for children two years or older. One and a half LAXETTES is usually sufficient for adults.

Made by the LAXETTE Manufacturing Company. Standard tin 18 Laxettes, 1/7d. Trial tin, 6d.



For Quality Suits!

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GUARANTEED NEVER TO FADE OR SHRINK



WHAT IS MORE IMPORTANT—

Your MONEY or your FREEDOM?

Buy WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

a timely thought by

KATSER

Wheat is man's most vital food...

...and WEET-BIX
is wheat at its
very best!



Mrs. Wynifred Wiseman, whose cooking hints and suggestions are heard over more than 45 radio stations throughout Australia each week knows the value of foods. And Mrs. Wiseman unhesitatingly recommends Weet-Bix, Granose, or Bixies Whole Wheat Flakes with milk or cream at breakfast for breakfast every morning.

BECAUSE whole wheat contains such vital life-giving elements as carbohydrates, proteins, mineral salts—and the precious vitamin B1—WEET-BIX Whole Wheat Flakes should be on every breakfast table. Made from the finest selected Australian wheat, each crisp golden flake is richly flavoured with malt and honey—and is simply packed with the goodness that makes wheat man's most vital food. Start serving WEET-BIX tomorrow—or try GRANOSE Whole Wheat Flake Biscuits if you prefer your morning cereal unsweetened. BIXIES are the loose whole wheat flakes flavoured with malt, sugar and honey. Whichever you prefer, however, add a little SAN-BRAN, the natural laxative breakfast food. All grocers.

Wheat is a man's most vital food, containing (1) **BRAN** for regularity, (2) **CARBOHYDRATES** for energy, (3) **PROTEINS** for growth and (4) **MINERAL SALTS** for rich red blood. For this reason one of these vital wheat foods should be served regularly on every breakfast table—particularly where there are children.



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